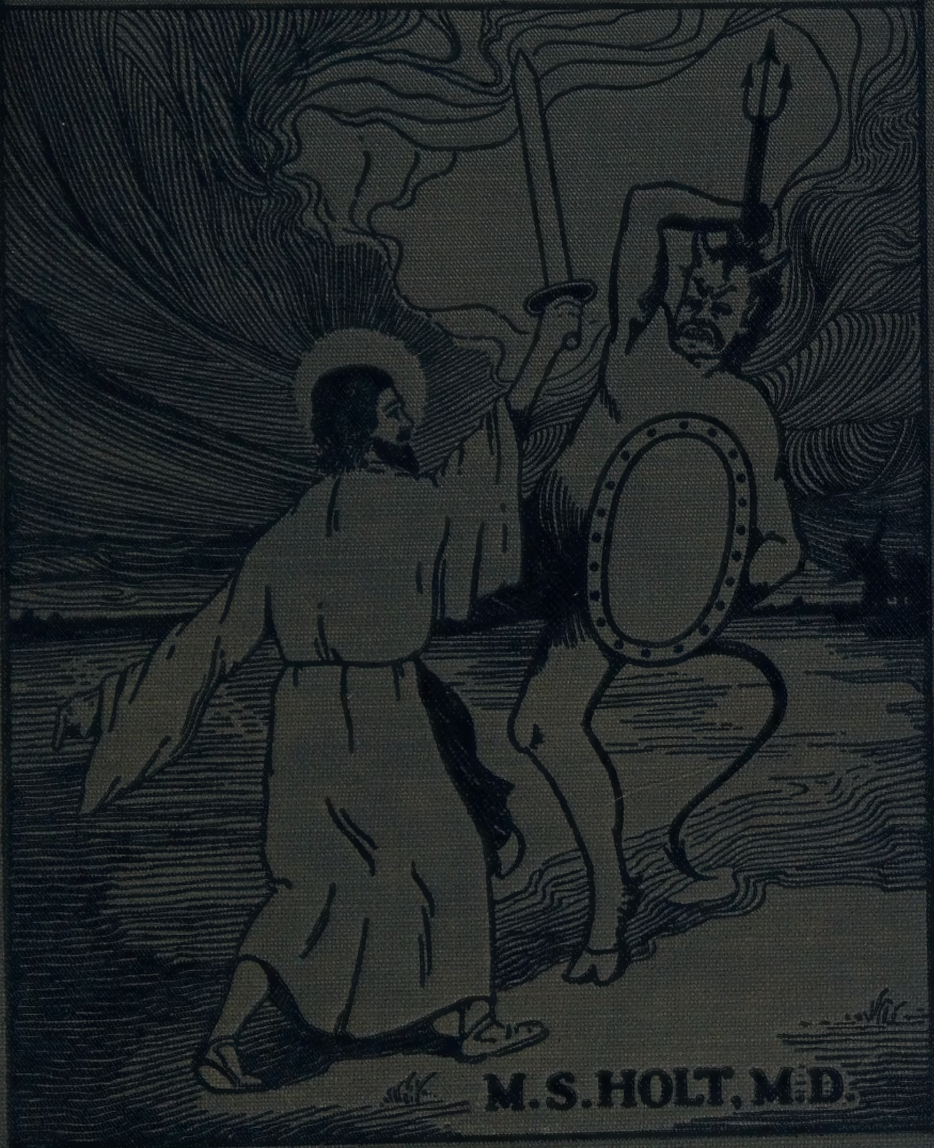
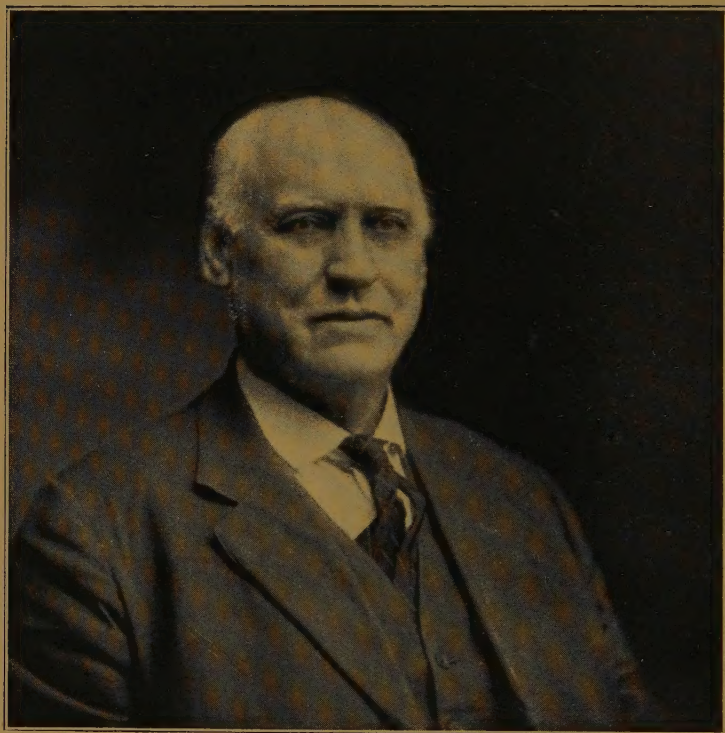


WAR TWIXT GOD AND THE DEVIL



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W A R

'TWIXT GOD AND THE DEVIL

From Genesis to Revelations

BY
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WESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Published by the Author

1924

PREFACE.

This Book is written to stay the hand
Of murderers all o'er the land.
Anathemas and curses loud,
The answer from that "Holy Crowd" (?)
Maledictions, nothing new,
From the pretentious "Sacred Crew."
Read this through, with reference,
Exercising *Your Own Good Sense*.
"Truth is mighty and must prevail;"
Unterrified, it wears no veil.
Falsehood hides in dark recesses,
Minds of hypocrites obsesses.
Compare this book with your Bible,
If it's true, it is no libel.
Should you consign it to the fire,
It demonstrates religious ire.
Murderous spirits of the ages
Burned their books with the sages.
The world's grown better day by day,
Their books may burn, but authors stay.

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WAR 'TWINX GOD AND THE DEVIL.

A Book is found on many tables,
Fill'd with prophecies and fables.
Some claim it's false, some say it's true,
Its authorship is left to you.
It records war for ages waged,
In which two leaders are engaged.
So far as known each one's a spook,
Yet one is author of the Book.
Like all past wars in history,
The victor wields the bistoury.
He cuts and carves his vanquished foe,
'Till he presents a horrid show.
He is the author of all sin,
O'er darkest crimes he wears a grin.
Devoid of virtue, vicious all,
Since he was thrown o'er heaven's wall.
In God's Book there's no exception,
One chief's holy, one deception.
O'er his scribes God presided,
Hence accounts are all one-sided.
"Great God" Dictator is SUPREME,
Sole Umpire o'er his own Regime.
Devil's proscribed, He has no chance,
Great God alone wields his free lance.

All who yield to God's dictation,
Demand free speech elimination.
Omnipotence of ghost denied,
Instant men were crucified.
They hung or died in dismal cell,

Then had their souls consigned to hell.
At least that's what the scribes assert,
And creedists echo in concert.
All wise is God Omnipotent,
Perfect in love, of pure intent;
So pious Christian peoples say,
Who claim to Heaven the right of way.

Just meander thru that Bible,
'Twont square with Truth, it is a libel,
'Gainst a being non-existent,
Breeding hatred e'er persistent.
Branding minds with cruel stigmas,
Wasting lives on fool enigmas.
When God and mammon's strong allied,
With war equipments they're supplied.
Having learned that powder dry,
Has more effect than prayers on high.
In ancient days God killed his foes
Reversing Nature's Law he knows
In modern times enlists recruits,
On dress parade can strut in suits
And goose-step in His ranks of love,
Before they reach their home above.

Upon request of saintly bands,
Millions died by His commands.
Jehovah came with thunderbolt,
When thoughtfulness led to revolt.
He was for years kept in a box,
Which saved the Jews from many knocks.
Philistines captured box and all,
Then Israelites went to the wall.
For twenty years, Jehovah lost,
Death, blood, and treasure, fearful cost.

The jig was up, the Devil Won
The battles when that box was gone.
Where God was, how he existed,
Bigots may know, but we are twisted.
What became of the sacrifice,
While in that box closed tight as vice?
The Jewish enemies bit the ground,
When Hoodo in that box was found.
Jehovah one dark night got out,
And dealt to Dagon a knock-out.
Their Idol smashed to smithereens,
Was too much for the Philistines.
Becoming fearful of their foe,
Decided then to let God go.

Jehovah traveled in great style,
Back to his temple from exile.
A bovine cart for transportation,
To his ark, the destination.
While on that earthly pilgrimage,
Much like a monkey in a cage.
To make a cow forget her calf,
Would make a golden image laugh.
Those cows forgot all things below,
Because they loved Jehovah so.
They looked not to the right nor left,
In haste to comfort those bereft.
Golden tumors and golden mice,
For their bad conduct was the price.
Who always could be bought with gold,
If you'd believe the tales of old.

From dismal swamps and forests wild,
Holiest terror to man or child.
The curious were cursed or killed,

Their inquiries were ever stilled.
You dared not up the mountain creep,
Nor thru the timber take a peep,
When Mose went up where God was at,
At which meeting they had that chat.
Who dared to peep into "God's ark,"
Unto Jehovah failed to hark.
Hundred and twenty thousand men,
Were killed for seeking knowledge then.
Whether thru fear of loss of life,
Or second capture causing strife,
Cause for removal no report,
But "Jack in box" they did deport.
The Ark was carried up the hill,
And hidden like a country still.
Eleazer, the chosen guard,
Kept God hid in his back yard.
That must be so, for to this day,
Silence has reigned from Jehovah;
Except thru proxy of some saint,
Who with the Lord was well acquaint.

If by John the truth's reported,
Jehovah's Ark was not deported.
The greatest commotion ever known,
Was when that "Ark Box" reached the
throne.

Thunder, lightning, voices, hail,
Rumbling earthquakes made them quail.
'Twas greatest reception e'er shown,
When Jehovah reached the throne.
May be explained by some wise gnome,
The route he took to reach that home.
He lacked power on earth to travel,
Hauled by cows o'er roads of gravel;

Then to reach the "Golden City,"
Box and all, it is a pity
That some wise saint cannot explain,
The road he took, his goal to gain.
Elijah's ascension, a great feat,
Thousands saw, enjoyed that treat.

No war on earth has e'er been waged,
In which some church was not engaged,
Equipping boys to meet their God,
By planting them beneath the sod.
By fake nostrums of salvation,
Saints exempted from damnation.
It was in Heaven¹ war began,
If you'd believe the Bible Clan.
Wonderful authors on warfare,
Recording scribes, God had up there.
Altho in Heaven a hellish fight,
'Bout it God's book's indefinite.
Mortal wounds² were not inflicted,
Flesh and blood³ are interdicted.
Neither in Heaven can abide,
To entrance there each one's denied.
How spirits fight, to reason's queer,
'Tis mystery makes weaklings fear.
So many scientific facts
Have upset claims of God's great acts.
Thunder, lightning,⁴ voice and eyes,
Was then Jehovah⁵ in disguise.
Hidden away behind the clouds,

¹ Rev. xi: 7.

² Luke xiv: 29.

³ I Cor. xv: 50.

⁴ Ps. lxxx: 50.

⁵ Job lc: 9.

Warning sinners to get their shrouds.
Once were deep in desperation,
All of Heaven's population.
They had no guns, nor teeth, nor claws.
But gorgeous wings and harmless paws.
Altho spirits use no flagon,
Heaven's rebels joined the dragon,
No case of delirium tremens,
E'er turned loose such fighting demons.
A tale like that if told this day,
Would come from one in a weaving way.
Should you think account prodigious,
Dare not call it sacreligious.
Fresh from "Book of Inspiration,"
Will preclude all disputation.
That Dragon dealt a mighty blow,
But out of Heaven he had to go.
"Cast into a bottomless pit—" *
The Devil you say—Where did he hit?
Justice, science and proven facts,
Lie buried 'neath saint's vicious acts.

Regarding now this "Holy War,"
Millions are asking, what it's for;
Betwixt the Devil and God, as told
By chosen members of his fold.
Sin ne'er thot of in a dream,
Peace on earth then reigned supreme,
Think, God sent the Devil down,
Earthly contender for his crown.
Despite the facts this sounds absurd,
Hypocrites claim it is "God's word."
They have their means and know their ends,
Superstition pays dividends.

* Rev. xx: 3.

Place not your reason on the shelf,
Just read that book, think for yourself.
Relief from ignorance will come,
If guided by your cerebrum.
Read Nature's Laws, on earth, in sky,
You'll tell preachers to work or die.
Their loot depends upon distress,
That sacrifices happiness.
If based on creeds all must admit,
God and Devil stand opposite.
Their war will never, NEVER end,
Because delusions serfs defend.
All hist'ry shows beyond dispute,
That preachers all are out for loot,
Exacted from the servile tool,
Responsible for the tyrant's rule;
Who never could a scepter wield,
If intellect controll'd the field.
The pulpiteers, and profiteers,
Deluged this world in blood and tears,
By finding in "God's Word" ' excuse
For every war^s on earth turned loose.

Collections all were made for God,
Payable to the church synod.
The Devil never got a penny,
Neither did he ask for any.
While begging alms from all they meet,
The Lord's appointed throng the street.
The Devil's not on war's pay-rolls;
God's staunch supporters take the tolls.
Chaplins get a compensation,
Praying for man's subjugation.

[†] Matt. xxvi: 5.

[§] Luke viii: 8-10.

The preachers say the same old God,
Throughout all space has ever trod;
That he has no limitation,
Next that Heaven's his habitation.
Devil belongs to countries three,
Heaven, hell and earth you'll see.
Just a step from one to other,
Ev'ry thinker's been his brother.
Altho from Heaven he was kicked out,
With sons of God⁹ he's thereabout.
Jehovah on his throne he sought,
When on poor Job those plagues he brot.
God once declar'd that he should dwell,
Down in that "Brimstone Lake" in Hell.
How he escaped that firm decree,
Is not explained in history.
But out of Hell he's next on earth,
Always full of joy and mirth.
Joining in the merriest throngs,
Singing the most popular songs.
While God's elect with upcast eyes,
Teach earth's pleasures to despise.

In Eden's Garden pictured see,
The Devil hid behind a tree,
Smiling, beguiling, twinkling eye,
Defying God who roosts on high.
'Twas death¹⁰ God said the fruit to eat,
The Devil said not, God was beat.
As wise as the Gods you both shall be,
When fruit you've eaten off that tree.
God admitted the Devil's Truth,
That wisdom from eating came forsooth.

⁹ Job i: 9.

¹⁰ Gen. ii: 17; iii: 22.

See Bible proof the Devil won,
And made God tailor, "Sure's a gun.
To hide their nudeness¹¹ suits God made,
So Adam and Eve could promenade
Before the Devil who made complaint,
Lest sight of them his morals taint.

According to the Talmud see,
Adam had wives, one, two, e'en three,—
Lilith, Naama, Igereth,
Don't get excited, hold your breath,
In that great trio not one death,
You'll need it when you hear the rest,
'Bout begetting with Devil's zest.
Two million children Lilith bore,
From that old sport game to the core.
Should you dare think this is false lore,
Consult the Talmud, find much more.
The Devil, a polygamist,
Stole Ad's wives to "grind that grist."
'Twas strange they left a perfect man,
To house and board with old Satan.
The other two were prolific,
Of them the book is not specific.
These may account for herd of swine,
Possessed of Devils¹² cut that shine,
And in the sea sought water graves,
A fit example for the knaves,
Who teach such doctrines to a child,
The punishment is far too mild.
Priests declar'd that those afflicted,
All with Devils were addicted.
The communicant sure was blest,

¹¹ Gen. iii: 1.

¹² Matt. viii: 30-32.

When the Devils were disposest.
Gods and Devils were not a few,
Pigmies some, some ponderous, too.

At the Smithsonian Institute,
You'll see huge Gods and Gods minute.
In every age and clime,
In making Gods, men worked o'er time.
Christian communicants of this day,
Fit subjects for past saints to slay.
In past decades a heinous crime,
Would be the Gods of our time.
Read the Bible, there you'll see,
What would have been your destiny.
Churches always damn progression,
Then of errors make confession.
When congregations catch the light,
Parsons shudder and flee from sight.
Then praise the braves they would have kill'd
In temples see them framed in gild.

A candidate for hottest hell,
A radical if Truth you tell.
Conservatism gilds the lie,
In later years pleads alibi.
Ninety-two million miles away,
The sun cycled the earth each day.
Twenty odd million miles each hour,
It's rate of speed, God-giv'n power.
Obedient to old Josh's call,
Spinning 'round this earthly ball.
Galileo claim'd it was not true,
Then at his throat the bigots flew,
They put him in a prison cell,
The next door to a red hot hell.

His eyes destroy'd, his health impair'd,
For scientific facts declared.
Denounced as friend of Satan's crew,
Enemy of the God of Jew.
Still hear the clergymen aver,
"God's Book" and science *do* concur.

Bear in mind at sacred feast,
That upward goes the soul¹³ of beast.
While the minute one that you possess,
Descends to pit that's bottomless.
Shut your eyes, believe it all,
From Revelations to Adam's fall.
But dare forget the preacher's fee,
To hell you'll go with certainty.
All other sins may be forgiven,
That alone bars you from Heaven.
Let millions starve and millions fake,
Dare not forget the preacher's stake.
"The Lord loves¹⁴ a cheerful giver,"
Rest assured that he'll deliver,
Your soul to God from whence it came,
If you'll "Feed the Pig" and play his game.

The Devil always took the lead,
In sowing scientific seed.
In every research for mankind,
The Gods came lagging far behind.
Adopting truths the Devil taught,
Condoning crimes the Gods had wrought.
With blood-stained banners held aloft,
That flowed from veins of those who scoff'd
At monstrous tales, 'bout Heavenly ghosts,

¹³ Eccl. iii: 19-21.

¹⁴ II Cor. ix: 17.

And demons made to scare the hosts.
All goddesses are of the past,
To that distinction men hold fast;
For miracles the dead to raise,
The sterner sex must have the praise.
Widows must remain in sorrow,
Never dream of joy to-morrow;
Ajar the Heavenly gates won't stand,
For her who'd seek another's hand.
"Waxing wanton¹⁵ 'gainst the Saviour,"
Would be surely bad behaviour.
Sixty years¹⁶ the limitation,
Fixed for her anticipation,
For the joy of matrimony,
Quite too old on testimony.
With Jewish Gods they danced with glee,
Their husbands dead, then they were free.

From the Pentateuch 'twould seem
The Moses God was not extreme,
The bereft widow might be gay,¹⁷
After "Hubby" was laid away.
The Moses God and Christ were one,
Adjust this difference, 'twill be fun.
Regarding which is God's real text,
The widows may be sore perplexed.
Saint Paul had led a single life,
But Moses never lacked a wife.
With Paul the widows had no charms,
But all could rest in Moses' arms.
To Mose the sex was superfine,

¹⁵ I Tim. v: 2.

¹⁶ I Tim. v: 9.

¹⁷ Deut. xxiv: 2; xxvi: 5-9.

He did not draw the color line.¹⁸
By force of arms he'd maidens seize,
To do with them as God might please.
Jehovah sev'n, the rest for him,
Fit subject for a seraphim.
God gave Mose power to penalize
Any who dared to criticise.

Contrast the men whom God ordain'd,
With those whose blood his his'try's stain'd.
Devil loved science, art and skill,
God loved those who sought to kill.
Astute interpreters of dreams
Were the ordained by God it seems.
The Devil loved the questionnaire
Of doctrines, atoms, earth and air.
The ones who truth would dare assert,
Despite the threats of the pervert.
He ever stood up with the brave,
The Lord's best asset was the slave.
"Obedient to your masters be."¹⁹
Demanded by a Deity.
Deceivers juggle name of Christ,
The one whom God sacrificed.
The modern Dives sit in their pew,
Still robbing widows, orphans, too.
Doling out their musty crumbs,
To those whom they are dubbing bums.
From whom they've robb'd life of its sweets.
Unfortunates they call dead beats.
They sing aloud 'bout titles clear,
They'd steal up there as they do here,
If God of Hosts would let them go,

¹⁸ Num. xii: 1; xxi: 18.

¹⁹ Eph. vi: 6; Col. iii: 22.

As he has done down here below.
Appeasing them with bowls of soups,
Knowing well they've been their dupes.
The rich who rob the child of food,
No lying spirit can make good.
"Poor ye shall always have²⁰ with you."
A lovely morsel which they chew.
Their guilty conscience try to qualm,
When they fill the outstretched palm.
Ask God credit for one scant meal,
A small per cent of what they steal.

The church is built on dead men's bones,
Likewise all earth's crumbling thrones.
That Heavenly throne like those down here,
Will vanish when men's minds grow clear.
Parents used to make complaint,
Of their sons beyond restraint.
If he were found on wisdom bent,
It was decree Omnipotent;—
Pelt him with stones²¹ until he dies,
Religious parents hear his cries.
His unbelief a heinous crime,
In those dark days of Moses' time.
With uplift eyes and hearts of stone,
Adoring God upon his throne.
In their belief boy went to hell;
His parents will in Heaven dwell.
If life eternal were your lot,
Answer truly, whether or not,
You'd choose the company of that boy,
Or with parents Heaven enjoy?
Anarchists deny Law's right,

²⁰ Matt. xx: 11.

²¹ Lev. xxiv: 13.

Ministers defy it's might,
One opines the others do,
Which is the better of the two?
Our constitution²² plainly states,
In support of creeds—no tax rates
For every dollar a preacher takes
From "Uncle Sam" that law he breaks.
'Bout law and order hear him "holler"
Observe him grab the public dollar.
His itching palm 'twill never soil,
Tho it may come from hard earned toil.
He opens Congress with his prayer,
Prays god to lead them way up there,
When well he knows that crooked throng,
With just deserts in jails belong.
Notably a few exceptions,
To thieving schemes make objections.
The ministers have naught to do,
With that select and honest few.
In every "Pork Barrel" see their snout,
Against such schemes they ne'er speak out.
When it comes to spoils division,
Well they know there's been provision,
To keep them on the Heavenly job,
For secresy while members rob.
The Devil never gets a grab,
Nor e'er keeps company with a scab.
Please tell us where the Devil is,
'Tis sure he can't be with "Big Biz."
The chaplains at their banquets feast,
They ne'er would entertain a "Beast."
Except the ones with hidden claws,

²² U. S. Constitution.

Who ever fills their craven craws.
To those who will Devils abuse,
Most graciously they'll pay their dues.
If Devils lurk around a throne,
They're no cost to any one.
The pay-rolls never show a cent,
For "Satanic Majesty" spent.
God's agents there for the rake-off,
At honest queries hear them scoff.
Up in the air their heads will go,
Suffusion marks the cheeks aglow,
If you point out the members' tracks,
Thru blind alleys in their acts.

A lobby now's in Washington,
Their infamous war again begun,
To re-enact "The Old Blue Laws,"
Provide the Church with teeth and claws,
To burn out tongues, or witches hang,
Dare you not heed the church bell's clang.
Devils all, gentlemen would be,
Compared to such a ministry.
Read the hist'ry of the past,
Discard the bad, to good hold fast.
No matter where you find the truth,
In mature years or in your youth,
You'll find that every book extant,
Was writ by man. Discard the cant,
That any power beyond the skies,
Inspired either truth or lies.
With evolution's eyes you'll see,
The Cloven foot of Deity.

You'll hear in churches saints acclaim,
"Where two are gathered²³ in 'Thy Name."
That what they ask will be God's pleasure,
To grant to them in fullest measure.
They clasp their hands and shut their eyes,
And then begin to agonize;
With face contorted, bodies bent,
In piteous tones most penitent,—
"Now Lord you know." Yet they advise
Their SUPREME friend beyond the skies.
Expressing faith that God will move
Mountains and trees, His power to prove.
What is the church? 'Tis a place to go,
Where the vain-glorious meet for show,
Where crim'nals meet, disguised as saints,
And hypocrites to make complaints;
Gossipers go to get the news,
Where politicians pay for pews;
The ignorant go to shout and pray,
And preachers there to get the pay.
Small children go because afraid,
Of Gods and Devils parents made.
The music is it's best asset,
Were it not for it the church you'd let.
Were not for it no crowd would sit,
And heart expounded "Holy Writ."
All who go with good intent,
With mental vision soon dissent.
They realize 'tis holy show,
That prompts majorities to go.

Forgive your friends and let them go,
Increase your hatred of God's foe.

²³ Matt. xviii: 20.

Finite you're required to do,
Things the Infinite would eschew.
View your Gods present, prospective,
Compare them with yours retrospective,
Making sure that you're not blind,
Can use the prerogative of mind;
Where's a God you could possess,
Who's not unreal—an enthroned guess.
A different God you must presage,
For every day and year of age.
For active mind you're not to blame,
No God can ever be the same.
All Gods and Devils live and die,
As fast as foolish fancies fly.
Unchangeable, Being SUPREME,
Is nothing but a foolish dream.
With finite minds your Gods are made,
They'll die when your conceptions fade.
Your limitation's earthly sphere,
Dame Nature's laws will hold you here.
Inflexible beyond your gauge,
Your Deities will leave the stage.
The halo like the Northern Light
Is a reflection seen by night.

When you appear at pearly gate
Your pedigree²⁴ will seal your fate
Ancestral lines, ten essential,
To warrant you a good credential.
If one link in chain is missing,
To hell you'll go where flames are hissing.
With warm reception be acquaint,
With offspring of the early saint.
Think of Sol's ten generations,

²⁴ Deut. xxiii: 2.

Abe, Ike and Dave's combinations.
Multiply stars²⁵ with grains of sand,
You'll know in numbers how they stand.
If Pete on pedigree is posted,
Mose and Sol are being roasted.
As neither one was "Standard Bred"
On red hot coals they'll make their bed.
Viewing afar that Heav'nly shore,
Writhing in torment evermore.
With thotful mind if you will read,
Of Bible God, His every deed,
A dismal failure he has been,
Freeing this earth from crime and sin.
Tailor, barber, baker of bread,
God borrowed a razor²⁶ to shave his head.
He also shaved his legs and face,
Like modern men of the human race.
Could it have been he had in view,
Visiting girls Solomon knew.
Here pen of inspiration skips,
Occasions where we get no tips.

God would have had two hungry bear,
Had old Elijah kept his hair.
'Tis sad to think those children's fate,
Hung not on hairs of his bald pate.²⁷
Jerry and Lige were favored men,
One rode to Heaven, came back again.
Jerry thot that his time was up,
When he must drink death's bitter cup.
His life extended fifteen years,²⁸

²⁵ Jer. xxxiii: 22; Gen. xxii: 17.

²⁶ Isa. vii: 20.

²⁷ II Kings ii: 23-24.

²⁸ Isa. xxxviii: 5.

By pleas of Isaiah it appears.
Fig poultice used he, to make sure,
In the event God failed to cure.
Psychology, clearly explains,
Many freaks of rattle brains.
Self-styled prophets, ignorant guys,
Little knew of earth or skies.
Belief that stars were twinkling lights,²⁹
Hung out like lanterns for the knights
Like sun shut off at God's command,
To aid in bloodshed o'er the land.
Yet you will hear the clergy say,
God's love grows stronger every day.
Rivers of blood, mountains of bone,
Essential for God's heart of stone.
He claims to be revengeful—God,
Equipping saints with mur'drous rod.
Generous minds keep on exposing
Saintly crimes, while dupes are dozing.
Commentators daily strive,
Altering Book to keep it alive.
Numerous truths are on its pages,
Thanks not to God but to the sages.
Truth is light, Dogma's treason,
Crucial test is made by reason.
Doubting this, read alterations,
Made by men for generations.
Veneering thin on exposed crimes,
In this as well as ancient times.
To alter what their God has writ
Ask them to show divine permit.
'Gainst robed imposters take a stand,
And free the serfs in this bright land.

²⁹ Gen. iv: 15.

Just look them squarely in the eye,
Dispute that tale 'bout Sinai.
You have same right to view their God,
As those who in the church pews nod.

What honest scientists have taught,
Religious leaders ever fought.
In "God's Book" it is admitted,
That thru knowledge man's requitted.
Despite the threat of God's beware,
That knowledge surely proved a snare.
To eat the fruit of "Knowledge Tree"³⁰
Was deemed the height of perfidy.
The serpent's fangs tho poisonous,
Were mild compar'd with righteousness,
If measured by the bigot's gauge,
In this or any other age.
The piteous pleas of men of fame,
Who perished in the bigot's flame;
Emblazoned 'pon the lives of men,
Who know full well 'twould be again
Repeated, had they but the power,
This year, this day and e'en this hour.
It would be now as it was then,
The hypocrites would say A-M-E-N.
While murdered martyrs, truths proclaim'd,
The haughtey hosts with joy defam'd
The names of those who died for man,
For disbelief in "Holy Plan."

God made the earth³¹ in six short days,
Measured by sun and moon's bright rays.
There's another computation,

³⁰ Gen. iii: 3.

³¹ Gen. i.

Quite peculiar disputation;
Now that day was millions years,
Adam expressed his growing fears,
That all alone he'd spend his life
And never know a loving wife.
So after million years had sped,
God arranged for him to wed.
'Mongst the animals³² he could not find,
A single one to suit his mind.
As mate—choice then was left to Adam,
Suppose an ape would have been madam.
Could the offspring cut more shines,
Than the lay members and divines?
Adam then was³³ put to sleep
Results have caus'd a world to weep,
Woman made for his possession,
Bears the blame for all transgression.
'Tis strange a match with so much vice,
Was sanctified in paradise.
Whom "Great God" hath joined together,
Let no man, nor Devil sever.
But "Old Nick" made his debut,
While God was absent from the two,
And when his Lordship came again,
He fail'd to see the sinful twain.
He called aloud but they were hid,
He did not know the crime they did.
Omnipresent tho he's claimed,
He failed to see they were ashamed.
The Devil saw it at a glance,
And knew it was a glorious chance.
To trip the maker of mankind,

³² Gen. ii: 20.

³³ Gen. ii: 21.

Show proof to all that he was blind.
They heard God's voice and out they came,
The Devil freed them from their shame.
But when the fig leaf³⁴ came in view,
God suspected what the Devil knew.

So far as known no death had been,
God them adorn'd with suits³⁵ of skin.
No Nimrod then who kill'd the game,
To get the furs to make the same.
Them, God of mercy then exiled,
The first ejectment suit was filed.
Jehovah, Judge, sheriff and jury,
Dispossessed them in his fury.
Then in cold rage made him a snake,
Who caused poor Ad from sleep to wake.
To live on dust thruout his days,
For having monkeyed with God's jays.
Who on his belly e'er should crawl,
A punishment for Adam's fall.
Modern pictures of him show,
A feathered bird black as a crow,
Again with canines sharp and long,
Cloven feet with harpoon strong,
Head with horns and tail with dart,
One glance at him will make serfs start.
The darkest recess his abode,
Makes children fear to tramp the road.
They see him in the hollows deep,
Behind each stone and stump he'll peep.
With chains encircling his great frame,
He never sleeps; he's after game.

³⁴ Gen. iii: 7.

³⁵ Gen. iii: 21.

According to their data say;—
Commentators of this day,
Six thousand years this war's been on,
No evidence of peaceful dawn.
When God and Satan's war began,
Before or after birth of man,
Inspir'd tale about the grapple,
Certify it was an apple,
That started sin in this sad world.
'Tis probable the fruit was knurl'd.
Worms that infest that luscious fruit,
Were likely nestling at the root,
'Twas hide and seek with God that day,
They might have feared the cruel jay,
Which on worms takes great delight,
Beaks made by God keeps them from sight.
With beaks and claws and teeth and horns
And sweetest rose behind the thorns,
Nature presents a complex throng,
It's hard to tell the right from wrong.
All, God claimed was perfection,
His creation bore inspection.
That was before the day of spraying,
Science does to stop decaying.

No parasite was e'er benign,
Vice and Virtue can't combine.
A parasite out should be thrown,
Honey's not made to feed the drone.
The man who cheats and does not work,
Around food tables should not lurk.
All idlers entering in life's field,
Despoil the toiler of his yield.
As a rule men of this class,
Profess belief in Balaam's ass,

That it did speak they have no doubt,
Such assininity helps them out.
When wondrous tales engage the mind,
To profiteers men go stone blind.
The profiteers take threats of hell,
If on this earth they can live swell.
The toiler's lot is harp of gold,
After his body's stiff and cold.
Evangelists, they see the light,
Glittering gold attracts their sight,
Watch them grab the dollar tight,
They firmly clutch the widow's mite.
Of "Needles' eyes" they have no fears,
With hungry look eyes fill'd with tears,
The donor oft with meagre sum,
Contributes to "The Kingdom Come."
In lake of fire your future end.
Lest you repent and money spend,
For their harrangues about your fate
And passports thru the pearly gate.
They plagiarize great productions,
Claiming them their own deductions.

"Lying Spirits" ³⁶ were justified
Long before Bill Sunday lied.
He disgusting clerical clown,
Claims he'll get the Devil down.
To fill the coffers of a boor,
He's robbed the ignorant and poor.
Upon pretense that he's ordain'd,
Truth and justice he's profaned.
Beautiful Heaven, horrid Hell,
A glaring fraud that he works well.
Picturing mansions in the skies,

³⁶ Thes. ii: 9; I Kings xxii: 22.

That dupes can vision without eyes.
He fills their ears with lowest slang,
A sad reflection on his gang.
His tent is built, all creeds go in,
They're robbed of cash, with "Shell game"
grin.

Bill's after cash and gets it, too,
As long as he makes fools of you.
Does Bill conform to what you've seen,
Or read about the Nazarene.
Let all such fakirs howl 'till hoarse,
Fight evil with true moral force.
Bill is aided by pulpit pounders,
Supported by "Rough Neck" rounders,
Bill brains the many they the few,
The only difference in the two.
One brains the child in innocence,
One cracks the skull with due prepense.
Men and women of all ages,
Devoid of reason this war wages.
Led by fakes 'gainst Devil's troops,
Thinkers rebels but not the dupes.
A true reformer's life's at stake,
When he protests for mankind's sake.
Against the crimes of greed and creed,
That on delusions ever feed.

Millions never heard of God,
Now lying dead beneath the sod.
Themselves were once consigned to hell,
In torment there to ever dwell.
But late revisions let them in,
Now not to know is not to sin.
Strange that Christians work so hard
Condemning those who'd dare retard,

The work of those who spread the news,
'Bout crucifixion by the Jews.
In ignorance you're sure of bliss,
With knowledge Heaven you will miss.
At least that's what the scribes have said,
Which you must know if "Book" you've read.
To condemn one without reason,
Would in fact be basest treason.
Is it impious to ask why,
Not let those safe for Heaven die?
Adam and Eve were sure of bliss,
'Till knowledge³⁷ came with serpent's hiss.
Pray save the souls of nearest kin,
Who will be lost by smallest sin.
If unrepentant they should die,
They'll lose their mansions in the sky.
The teaching of the saints is queer,
They promise you a title clear,
To a homestead way up there,
And rob you of your earthly share.
Few are saved and many lost,
By foreign missions' extra cost,
God is SUPREME, the clergy claim,
If the Devil wins, who's to blame?
The Devil ne'er could kill a man,
'Twould contradict God's "Holy Plan."

The "Tree³⁸ of Everlasting Life"
God kept from Adam and his wife.
Before he closed the Heavenly gates,
This "Meek Old Moses" plainly states.
At every funeral preachers say,
That the deceased God took away.

³⁷ Gen. iii: 7; Luke iii: 5.

³⁸ Gen. iii: 22.

Hence by the wisdom of your God,
The graves are fill'd beneath the sod.
In death God has monopoly,
Devils rejoice in ecstasy.
The Devil takes what God consigns,
Applies the fire that God designs.
Passports to hell have God's O. K.,
If it is just give him bouquet.
The warden who'd set prisoners free,
Would sure destroy Law's majesty.
God and Satan have many tilts,
War to the knives, knives to the hilts.
Incognito, in all their raids,
Neither are seen on dress parades.
That is a privilege much desired,
By militants who are inspired.
Judging the future by the past,
The Devil is gaining very fast.

In former days absence from church
Brot men to limbo with a lurch,
Then dare they absence recommit,
They went to hell for doing it.
On Sunday if you gather'd sticks,
You were punished by so many licks.
Man dared not kiss his better half,
Nor on the Sabbath even laugh,
Unless from view of pious saint,
Who would the nearest judge acquaint,
Of such base sin on "The Lord's Day."
And if 'twere proven you were so gay,
In prison cell you'd be confin'd,
Publicly whipped and heavily fined.
Christians once kill'd all dissenters,
Who refused to be repenters.

All sceptic writers and their books,
Were cast in fires by pious crooks.
A serious charge was filed one day,
In this free land (?) of U. S. A.,
That one game cock had laid an egg,
Despite denials, not one peg,
Swerv'd Judicial pomposity,
He with profound verbosity,
Decreed that the accused should die,
Because "Great God" he dared defy,
By practice of an evil art,
Long since condemned by "Sacred Heart."
We have to-day some owlsh jinks,
Whose whole judicial record stinks,
Besmear'd, besmirch'd, their dirty gown,
Results from thots, they'd gain'd renown,
By pandering to a god of gold,
To which their fest'ring minds are sold.

Hear the church censors, they will tell,
Where one's redeem'd there's ten for hell.
To kill mankind God sent his pest,
From such afflictions Devil's blest.
He's pictur'd with a fiendish grin,
When even little children sin.
Assured that each one is his own,
When from its body life has flown.
Confiding tots, afraid to think,
Lest they might tumble o'er the brink,
For heeding not a ghostly call,
Lose slippers, harp, their crown and all.
Hell is hot, of long duration,
Hopeless is emancipation.
A pigeon with one grain of sand,
Migrating to a foreign land,

Each flight to cover millions years,
(Watch narrator's flowing tears.)
'Twould not be sun up down in hell,
When from its bill the last grain fell,
On the planet where 'twas taken,
Darling ones, is your faith shaken?
In gracious God who sends you there,
To endless torture and despair?

Dearies, don't you love your Saviour,
Who compensates bad behaviour?
Condemning play-mates to hell fire,
To burn forever, ne'er expire?
Adore now God, perform your task,
In solemn tones the preacher asks.
In chorus all, by horror spurred,
Express belief in God's Good Word,
With upturned eyes, and looks aghast,
The benediction's said at last;
Hands extended, eyes suffused,
"Good bye darlings, you're excused;"
"Gawd guard and bless you, you're dismiss,"
"Bring pennies in each little fist."
The Lord sure loves a cheerful giver,⁵⁹
Safe he'll waft you o'er the river.
Each innocent with tracts depart,
With faith that God will guard its heart,
From sinfulness and sorrow free,
From now on thru eternity.
Its brain is cabined and confined,
By vampires of the human kind.
By phantom gods the child's decoyed,
Its self-reliance is destroyed.
Millions have died from heart disease,

⁵⁹ Cor. ix: 6.

Made nervous wrecks, from seeking ease.
From the horrors so depicted,
By clergymen to lies addicted.

Some claim that God is everywhere,
Others locate him way up there.
To be with God forever blest,
And have eternity of rest,
You must sit up near by his throne,
And play on harp, perhaps trombone.
Best have a golden harp in hand,
If you'd take rank in Heaven's Band.
To play hornpipes was once a sin,
Especially on the violin.
The fiddle was the Devil's home,
In later years he's wont to roam;
That adds the fiddle to God's Choir,
Its blending notes set saints afire,
They even trip the fantastic,
Cut pigeons' wings most elastic,
Enjoying much the giddy maze,
For every step they have a craze.
Give the Devil all the credit,
For your fun when on the carpet.
'Twas he who taught you how to dance
Let upon him, give him a chance.

He's roaring⁴⁰ up and down the earth
He's lost his fiddle of much worth.
He's seeking whom he may destroy,
Hence pay the preacher, he's the boy,
Who'll take you under his broad wing,
And promise you most anything.
Mansions in Heaven, crowns of gold,

⁴⁰ II Peter v: 8.

Beautiful wings that ne'er grow old;
Golden streets and sights sublime,
Oh you'll have a glorious time.
Singing songs and tooting horn,
Watching the damned from night 'till morn.
Pleading for water day by day,
Famishing thirst, you daren't allay.
Come to think 'twill be endless day,
Nothing to do but sing and play.
The preachers never trust their spooks,
Your promist pleasures on the books.
Cash for him he's quite a hedger,
All of yours go on the ledger.
While on earth feed him the pie,
But wait for yours until you die.

If you would meet departed friends,
A listening ear he always lends.
The route is clear,⁴¹ you need not err,
Just heed and feed the minister
Much like the trail of squirming snake,
All but one guide is sure to make.
The others wrong if one is right,
Proof the Devil must win the fight.
No creed now has majority,
That leaves God in minority.
Which preacher's leading you to hell?
If Satan knows he will not tell.
The Devil now has naught to fear,
If all "Sky-Pilots" are sincere.
A thousand creeds, but one is right,
Hell wide open, Hell shut tight.
It's plain to see who'll get the crowd,
Invest now in asbestos shroud.

⁴¹ Isa. xxxv: 8.

Then envy not the saint's abode,
He might have taken the wrong road.
Like Satan's host be cast below,
If you should up to Heaven go.
As he was once a shining light,
You might become an imp of night.
Kingly desire to wear a crown
Caus'd the Devil to be cut down.
Your aspirations come with birth,
Bid them adieu when you leave earth.

Satan's allowed to come and go,
It's in God's word, it must be so.
It says that Jesus went to hell,
For three days' visit, not to dwell.
According to Apochrypha,
God still lets Satan, strange to say,
O'er earth, in Heaven and Hell have sway.
While fakes take transportation fees,
Promising "flowery beds of ease."
The Devil rides in palace cars,
And wings his way among the stars.
To him all coin could be but trash,
He never needs a cent of cash.
He leads the saints a merry race,
They never have beheld his face.
He never showed his hinder part,
Nor horns nor fangs, nor tail with dart.
With "Pussy Foot" he slips around,
And never leaves a trail on ground.
The Halo Light on Jesus' crown
Reflects no rays upon his gown.
If God and Ghost and Christ are one,
We've seen the picture of the son.
The camera can't catch the Ghost,

But gives photos of Heaven's Host.
 When God shaved, was Christ's beard shorn,
 His photo shows a full beard grown.
 If one has shaved the other not,
 Could each one be of the same thot.
 A single razor for the job,
 Enough to make an idol sob.
 To say the least it seems quite odd,
 That saints are so mixt on their God.

Creeds are foster'd by designers,
 Then defended by maligners.
 Great minds move on, tho God retards,
 With dungeons, murders and blackguards.
 Injecting venom without fangs,
 While tolling bells their death dirge clangs.
 "The ways of God's past finding out."⁴²
 You'll go to hell if you die in doubt.
 "The way's so plain,⁴³ wayfaring man"
 Will know the route if book he'll scan.
 The Book on which no two agree,
 Nor have they in its history.
 God lived alone⁴⁴ for ages past,
 One thot—The die of earth was cast.
 How he subsisted before man,
 Is not reported by his clan.
 In early days he was well fed,
 Enjoyed rest and feather bed.
 His love for meats young and tender,
 First was known from his defender.
 Carnivorous⁴⁵ so far as known,

⁴² Rom. xi: 33.

⁴³ Isa. xxv: 8.

⁴⁴ Gen. i: 1.

⁴⁵ Gen. xv.: 3-5.

No garden truck for him was grown.
Then men who fed him all were blest,
The fate of others can be guessed.

Emasculation he'd advise,
Upon request of kingly spies.
Those eunuchs guarded saintly homes,
To drive away the ghosts and gnomes.
A recompense for unsexed guys,
Awaited them up in the skies,⁴⁶
Mose barred them out, then let them in.
'Twas once a blessing, then a sin.
According to a heavenly pact,
"High-cock-a-lo-rums" kept intact.
Every form of earthly vice,
Endorsed by God as sacrifice.
Every joy would fools forego,
For love of God they did not know.
Willing servants kept freedom down,
Enslaving men, adoring crown.
The Kings and rulers kept heir own,
And gleaned the fields by others sown.

God gave saints power⁴⁷ to heal the sick,
Restoring eye sight was no trick.
Touching the bones⁴⁸ of long dead saints,
Would cure mankind of all complaints.
The blood of birds⁴⁹ would cure disease,
Also the wrath of God appease.
The blood of one bird one set free,
Jehovah's cure for leprosy.
To medicate the blood of birds,

⁴⁶ Isa. lvi: 4-5; Deut. xxiii: 1.

⁴⁷ Matt. xi: 5.

⁴⁸ II Kings xiii: 21.

⁴⁹ Lev. xiv: 1-7.

Were kill'd according to God's words.
It was essential so it seems,
To kill birds o'er running streams,
An earthen vessel was requir'd,
By butchers whom Jehove inspired.
Catching the red blood as it flowed,
Preserved the virtue God bestowed.
Sprinkle seven times o'er the floor,
Touch finger tips and nothing more;
Unless there was excess of blood,
Then on the forehead that made good.
This treatment done, the patient healed,
According to God's Book revealed,
The leper cured, jumped out of bed,
When blood was used as herein said.
That art is lost or saints no more,
Get healing power from that bright shore,
The birds still fly and preachers preach,
But lepers die beyond their reach.
Where is that God, who understood,
To make birds' blood for lepers good.
The lepers now in sorry plight,
Banished by laws from public sight.
Because the Doctors of this day,
Discount the cures made that way.
Some M. D.'s now on him rely,
'Tis strange they let the lepers die.
They strut up and down churches aisles,
And let the Devil work his wiles.
If they are right, give cures of yore,
Break microscopes upon the floor.
Cast drugs and science to the dogs,
Go back to cures by lice and frogs.
If you would live and never die
Call up that God of Sinai.

Millions swear that Book's divine,
In which they can not read a line.
Specious argument oft you'll hear,
'Bout superstitious savage fear,
Of a Great Spirit, hunting ground,
Slaves for every head uncrowned.
Being proof of God's existence,
Of a God beyond resistance.
Crowned, enthroned, in "Golden City"
Loving, hating, full of pity.
Instead of proof reverse is true,
No such things just being would do.
The savage is most credulous,
In ignorance most sedulous,
Image worship is his delight,
He knows not evil from the right.
To go back to him in distress,
To prove that you a God possess,
Proof positive you don't know,
But to extremities you go.
Scepticism is always found,
Where intellect with REASON'S sound.
The realm of thot is boundless space,
Preferred ignorance a disgrace.
Think of the scope of such vision
Ego—God based on their decision.
The num'rous Gods who roost on high,
The Phantom chasers multiply.
Gods of water, Gods of weather,
Gods of caverns, Gods of heather,
Gods of zephyrs and Gods of grain,
Gods of fruitage, the Gods of rain,
Gods of sunshine and Gods of cloud,
Some silent Gods, the others loud
The Gods of stone and also mud,

Carnivorous Gods, gorged with blood.
Gods of swamps and the Gods of caves,
Each of the many favored knaves,
In God-stuffed minds there's been no room,
For flowers of freedom e'er to bloom.
No greater curse this earth has trod,
Than a revengeful fiendish God.
The hypocrite with him abides,
The murderer behind him hides.
In every mob he takes the lead,
Sowing hateful, vicious seed.
With false pretense he floats the flag,
Under its folds he takes the swag,
Howling virtue all day long,
And ever on the side of wrong.
A tribute to virtue's ever shown,
By hypocrites where'er they're known.
As vicious as they're known to be,
Vice pays tribute to honesty.

'Twas claim'd the sun went round the earth,
Inspiration gave this lie birth.
That theory false the Devil taught,
But to quick judgment men were brot,
Who dared to question what saints said,
Soon they were numbered with the dead.
Enforcing Jehovah's decrees,
'Mid halleluliahing obsequies.
Burned at the stake, millions or more,
Witches, wizards in days of yore.
But if subservient to God's saints,
Like Saul for instance, no complaints.
Hence that old witch of Endor,
Had such scribes as Saul defender.

Unctuous saints find much relief,
In damning men for unbelief.
With upcast eyes in God's behalf,
Resembling much a dying calf.
"Pious Punks" on theology fed,
And ever ready man's blood to shed,
In name of Father, Son and Ghost,
This world has lost an honest host.
Who with fervor e'er protested,
And with REASON, e'er contested
Against crimes of numerous kinds,
Inspired of God in fiendish minds.
A veil is drawn o'er all the past,
Else humanity would stand aghast,
At many crimes of creed and greed,
To satiate "Sky-Pilots' " greed.
The bigots claim blind faith's the guide⁵⁰
That wafts you to the Heavenly side;
In lacking it you're bound for hell,
Of moulten lava, brimstone smell,
Where Satan's imps with harpoons strong,
Pierce the vitals of the throng.
While in the "Golden City" sat,
Idolators of the theocrat.
Enjoying sights that saints won't miss,
Singing songs of endless bliss.
Shriekings begging, crying loud,
But not one drop for that "Damned Crowd."

The Devil thot a change to make,
And there where God did issue take
Like old Diaz of Mexico
Death or exile for a foe.

⁵⁰ Heb. xi: 6.

The Devil fought a mighty host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost
In place of bliss war seeds were sown,
Transfer'd from Heav'n to earth it's shown,
Sounds very like a fairy dream,
In Heaven—place of bliss supreme.
Was that great war before man's birth,
Before creation of the earth?
Question can't impertinent be,
If you'll observe the accuracy,
That writers used about the suits,
Sky-Pilots wore on Heavenly routes.
The cut of garments God decreed,⁵¹
To fit the clericals of greed.
'Tis wonderous why in Godly grace,
That, that great war had no more space.
Had not that war in Heaven been fought,
Would wickedness on earth be taught?
Had the Devil staid in Heaven,
Would only two on earth be "liven?"
Some hint, that multiplyin's sin
And thru that gate, death entered in.
"It is in sin you are begotten."
This information is forgotten.
Read a book—"The Crimes of Preachers."⁵²
A true account of saintly teachers.
A publish'd record where 'tis shown,
That they outclass all others known.
Who implore *you* be penitent,
Murd'rous, lech'rous a big per cent.
In that respect of worthiness,
Exclusive rights, think they possess.

⁵¹ Ex. xxviii: 2-36.

⁵² Published by Truth Seeker Co., 62 Vesey St., New York.

The one 'gainst them, who'd make complaint,
Is a sinner beyond restraint.
Behind their creed they hide to shoot,
Any who'd dare to prosecute.
And when their guilt is plainly shown,
They move to parts where they're not known.
Commissioned still the Lord to serve,
But greater caution to observe.

Truth of "God's Book" on age is claimed,
There's many others can be named,
If age is evidence of truth,
In that respect, bible's a youth.
'Tis not proof that book is true,
Because believed in by a few.
A book of three to one appears,
After Christ's birth six hundred years.⁵³
Blind faith will keep dupes in the dark,
Of knowledge or light they'll have no spark.
It is well known by pulpiteers,
That man's controll'd by foolish fears.
Then next thing left for them to do,
Annihilate the sceptic crew.
Civilization's on its way,
Kills superstition day by day.
Gradually dissolving creeds
That have no place in human needs.

Famine, pestilence⁵⁴ and water,
Once God's fav'rite means of slaughter.
All unknown causes of disaster,
Credited to the Heav'ly master.
Kept the people in constant fear,
Of all they'd see and what they'd hear.

⁵³ Koran.

⁵⁴ Matt. xxiv: 7.

Was damnation due to Satan,
Or to Adam and Eve a-matin—
All such questions will arise,
When the poor dupes can ope' their eyes.

When Satan o'er the wall was thrown,
There was no pity to him shown,
There was no crepe on Heavenly gate,
To mourn the loss of one so great.
If he up there sought truth to teach,
For which on earth they'd him impeach
In name of God and Holy Ghost,

His may have been the better host.
Of wisdom here we've had a dearth,
Cause, scientists were kill'd on earth.
Fools all servile—love a master,
Sharks will shirk—each one's a grafter.
Millions toiled to make a tomb,
In which decadent king had room.
With many maidens then enclosed,
In death's embrace he'd be composed.
Of resurrection had no fears,
And in that tomb lay thousands years.
Its sacredness had lost its charm,
The fear of Kings caused no alarm.
Vandalism is not a crime,
Invading tombs of ancient time.
The age of Bible like tomb of "Tut"
Becomes a scientific butt.
In pyramids, that mummied form
Could rest in peace, no fear of storm.
Those stones were laid on foolish heads,
Because of supernatural dreads;
Commemorating some dead chief,

No doubt a tyrant and a thief,
As all who claim such power on earth
Are criminals from date of birth.

Adam was the first created,
In God's Book 'tis plainly stated.
From whence did come the Devil's host,
As God was once the only ghost.
Was "That old Dragon" once a man,
On earth when infancy began?
Or was he from some other sphere,
In thunder tones let all men hear.
Surely they're pertinent,
Answerable by Omnipotent.
It's strange the scribes fail'd to inquire,
About his dam, also his sire.
Before old Adam knew of sin,
Old Satan wore his vicious grin.
Was he brot up with all the beasts
So Adam's eyes on him could feast.
Sure if he was he got a name,
Is it of record just the same?
By subtle art man's led astray,
In spite of God he's lost his way.

God worked six days⁵⁵ then took a rest,
And said that all he made was blest.
Did venom then in snakes exist,
Or parasites on life subsist?
Were these all a new creation,
Prerequisites for damnation?
After raising that dispute,
Was the Devil a wingless brute?
Wings in order he wouldn't fall,

⁵⁵ Gen. xi: 3.

When he was thrown o'er heaven's wall.
With outspread wings he'd soared away,
Refusing in God's hell to stay.
True he fell, read Revelation,⁵⁶
Doubt it not—beware—damnation.
Bottomless pit—still a-brewin'.
Non-acceptance means your ruin.

What has become of Adam's home,
Since he and Eve were forced to roam?
No place on earth can you locate,
That paradise, or grand estate.
Is that "Tree of Life" still growing,
Answer, some of you most knowing.
Is that serpent still there lurking,
Eating dust, forever smirking?
No account of his ejection,
Can it all be retrospection?
Why did not Lot or Noah go
And in that garden reap or sow?
Or Job who was a perfect man,⁵⁷
Who stood God's test as no one can?
To reasoner it does look queer,
A home like that to be left drear.
There is no mile post points the way,
To that sweet home of brightest day.
Rivers and mountains named by scribes,
Are visible by many tribes.
How long guarded by cherub's sword,⁵⁸
Against Satan and all his horde?
Is it a fact, Eve was beguiled,
In that garden by her own child?

⁵⁶ Rev. xii: 9.

⁵⁷ Job i: 1.

⁵⁸ Gen. iii: 24.

Eve was the mother⁵⁹ of all living,
This is scripture we are giving.
It was from nothing all was made,
Of every kind and every grade.
God said that all he made was good,
In plain refute the Devil stood.
'Twas not long 'till he repented,
Changed his mind then relented,⁶⁰
Altho SUPREME confessed mistake,
Creating man, worthless rake.

Then after God's good work was done,
The Devil played his game and won.
God never has apologized,
Nor by his follow'rs criticiz'd
For the creation of "Old Nick";
He is sole author of that trick.
Admits creating the "Evil One,"
Then damns mankind for what they've done.
Who by God was placed on earth,
The only place of man's birth,
From whom all angels are produced,
With frailties to be seduced.
Why not have plac'd "Nick" on the moon,
To gaze upon from June 'till June
His horrid grimace there portray'd,
Would keep the people all afraid.
Since on that planet men can't grow,
His evil seed he could not sow.

The heart of God was fill'd with grief,
Because of mankind's unbelief.
Give sharp razor to a child,

⁵⁹ Gen. iii: 4.

⁶⁰ Gen. vi: 5-8.

It cuts its throat, then you go wild.
Bereft of reason—all would say,
Or that you sought the child to slay.
If any creed on earth be true,
The saints in Heaven will be few.
Universalists exception,
None are lost by their inspection.
Insuring all a future life,
Of happiness and not of strife.
All others state the road is strait,
That leads up to the Heavenly gate.
Peculiar fact, all must admit,
God's rule has been that those unfit,
To enter in that guarded gate,
Have been wisest men of truthful trait.
The men who claimed the earth was round,
Were deemed religiously unsound.
They languished long in prison's cell,
Then had their souls consigned to hell.
The maker of the first umbrell',
Was sentenced, kill'd and sent to hell,
Defying God who'd stated plain,
On just and unjust falls the rain.⁶¹
No excuse for such defiance—
Would be good from men of science.
Hypocrites, still fill front pews,
In former days they used thumb screws.
They murdered men in every age,
Who best could fill a moral gauge.

All war's presaged by "Pious Punk,"
God's sanctified unload their junk.
Under one tent creeds conspire,
With "War-Lords" set the world on fire

⁶¹ Matt. v: 45.

If murdered millions could awake,
Who have been kill'd for Jesus' sake,
And face the bigots in this day,
Sure death would follow their dismay.
God was the first to plan a mob,
The death of Christ was sure his job.
He plan'd to kill "*His only son*" (?)
To blot out sins of every one.
Foolish claim, 'twas by permission,
Then damn men for its commission.
Like all God's other efforts, fail'd,
Since Jesus up to heaven sailed.
According to statistics given
The twentieth century has ariven
And not one man in every six,
Has ever heard of God's base tricks.
As promised by his "Holy Son,"
Who died to save a "World Undone."
Apologies come thick annd fast,
For all God's failures of the past.
If killing Christ were not a wrong,
Wherein does sinfulness belong?
If God's SUPREME, why kill his son,
Why not kill the "Evil One"?
Oh yes, "God's ways past finding out",⁶²
Which of the two should get the knout?
Compare the acts of the two spooks,
Which of the two backed the crooks?
No record shows where a sane man
Has e'er devised such cruel plan.
Insane follow God's example,
Ever sending him a sample,
To join his praises evermore,

⁶² Rom. xi: 33.

Innocent children in their gore.
Deluded that the little child,
By Satan can not be beguiled.
If in its infancy it dies,
They're sure to meet it in the skies.
A Righteous God, so full of guilt,
Resembles much a "Crazy Quilt."
Filled with patches of every hue,
Damn'd if you don't and damn'd if you do.
Against his work, nature recoils,
"He's fit for strategy and spoils."
Reflecting colors of every eye,
Contortionist of Sinai.
No wonder he hides in cloud or bush,
That face exposed 'twould surely blush.

The God of Moses, Jake and Joe,
Was so heinous he had to go.
Evolution changed that face,
Benigner God then took his place.
His son came sadly into view.
Then out of sight went God of Jew.
The son of God was more benign,
But his promoters were malign.
They hid behind that benign face,
And in his name they brot disgrace.
Yet like reformers he must die,
Because past dogmas he'd decry.
Progressive men and human rights,
Are ever those the creedist fights.
Three hundred years the church denied,
That 'twas son of God they crucified.
That Christ was born like other men,
And not of divine origin.
That trinity would not go down

The throats of saints who wore the gown.
The rebels sang another song,
A trumped up one to fool the throng.
That Christ was the Immaculate,
Who'd rule the church and rule the state.
Behind a dastard they entrench,
By placing him upon the bench.
Where fortified with special laws,
A substitute for teeth and claws.
Inflated judges, with ghoulish glee,
Disgrace the gown with perfidy.
Pontius Pilate, the exception,
Found no grounds for Christ's conviction.
Overruling Pilate's decree,
The mob refused to set him free.
God's plans would all have been for naught,
Had Pontius Pilate justice wrought.
And forced that mob to set him free,
No songs we'd hear of Calvary.

Jehovah's firmament had to go,
When assailed by Galileo,
Whose disputation cost his eyes,
Infliction, cause of Holy Lies.
He was consigned to prison cell,
In darkest dungeon there to dwell.
Illustration of how saints see,
That "Holy Writ" and science agree.
Now where's the man with common sense,
Who'd dare come out in Mose' defense.
He'd be the butt of jest and mirth,
Who'd say the sun goes 'round the earth,
Still clergymen infest the land,
Who'd bind us with an iron band,
To force obedience to a book,

The well known refuge for the crook.
Who'll misconstrue each verse and line,
And still declare it is divine.
The man who said stars do not fall,
Serv'd life sentence behind a wall.
Devil's friend taught astronomy,
That capsized Moses' deity.
A hub this world will represent,
Optical visions so diff'rent;
So many view points each evokes,
Points to Heaven like wagon spokes;
The wheel revolves, blest—forlorn,
To Heaven now, to hell ere morn.
Each revolution finds the dupes,
Ever trying to loop the loops.
So said, Christ he was deceived,
In one in whom he had believed⁶³
Admission that he was finite,
Puts Trinity in sorry plight.
Why should any Judas malign,
He could not thwart a plan divine.
No wonder Judas was ashamed,
Of doing work that God had fram'd
Tho foreordained by Holy One
Three times he died for what he'd done,⁶⁴
Possibly it was a blunder,
He fell down and burst asunder,
Then hanged himself, fell on his sword,
These three accounts are in "God's Word"
Judas like cats had many lives,
Less numerous than old saints' wives.
The son of God had only two,
To hell he went, then to heaven flew.

⁶³ Mark xv: 34.

⁶⁴ Acts i: 18; Matt. xxviii: 5, etc.

After supper with eleven,
"He ascended into Heaven."
After the banquet with the few,⁶⁵
He left them word what saints could do
Why did not Christ leave sure cure "Dope",
In darkness now the doctors grope.
It don't appear to be fair play,
To only heal those of that day.
Now praying mothers full of woe,
In anguish see their dear ones go.
The statutes of the orthodox,
Have Christ's defenders on the rocks,
Christian Scientists that power claim,
But go to prison just the same,
For doing what Christ said they should,
They're penalized in "Sawing Wood."
If one should die without M. D.'s,
They're punished by court decrees.
Why not expunge the last of Mark,
And leave those Scientists (?) in the dark.

"God's Only Son"—Can this be true,
What has become of Daniel's Jew,⁶⁶
The one that stood up with the three,
On red hot coals for company?
Bible records mention others,
Sisters none but some half brothers.⁶⁷
If Jehovah sired a daughter,
Holy scribes have never sought her.
The sons of God⁶⁸ were Divil's chums,
When he placed Job among the bums.

⁶⁵ Mark xvi: 16.

⁶⁶ Dan. iii: 25.

⁶⁷ Gen. vi: 2.

⁶⁸ Job i: 6.

'Twas Jesus Christ as he's now named,
 God's only son in death exclaimed
 "My God, My God—Why has thou
 Forsaken me," ⁶⁹ implied a vow.
 That God had promis'd him relief,
 Before he'd let him come to grief.
 Could judge this day such crime commit,
 And have a true man sanction it?
 Let Jesus die at thirty-two,
 Give centuries to mur'drous Jew? ⁷⁰

Three Gods in One and One in three,
 Plagiarism from past hist'ry:—
 Thirty-six hundred years ago,
 The Oriental records show,
Persian Bulls with triune power,
 Creator, Destroyer, Saviour,
 Did Jehovah get insp'ration,
 From that Persian combination?
 That Trinity lived long before,
 The trio Christians now adore.
 The Mythras, husky triplets were,
 With horns and hoofs and coats of hair;
 The Three in One and One in Three,
 In same respects a Trinity.
 Little wonder lunacy's rife,
 'Mongst those in Theologic life,
 Who try to square the "Word of God,"
 With sanity or reason's rod.
 Divines repeat "Free Will is Given,"
 Try it once and you'll be driven,
 From any church and then be brot,
 Before the censors quick as thot,

⁶⁹ Matt. xxvi: 46.

⁷⁰ Deut. xxxiv: 7.

If your view's unorthodox,
To hell you'll go with Christian Knocks.
Dare to enter Sunday School class,
Deny the tale of Balaam's Ass,
Safe to say, no invitation,
You'd ever get from congregation.
You are ousted dare you to think,
Or cast reflection by a wink,
Dare to your tho'ts give expression,
Feel the grip of their oppression.
Sometimes a preacher creed derides,
He stands his ground, the church divides,
Then if he has the force to lead,
The world will have another creed
He will then begin to proselyte,
Like dogs and cats they'll have a fight.
It's evolution by degrees,
That's weeding out the Pharisees;
Hear combatants stigmatizing,
One another in chastising.
Brothers telling on the sisters,
Sisters telling on the misters.
Waging war 'till every closet
Opens up obscene deposit.

The commentators work each day,
In brushing cob-webs out of way,
Which are entangling human flies,
Who in the meshes daily dies.
A death that means the loss of fees,
To lofty preachers with degrees,
No time is lost in the correction,
Of a bar to their collection.
At least hint of defalcations,
The Bible needs alterations.

A loss is felt like poignant dart,
Thru pocket nerve to preacher's heart.
No creeds will change when members pay,
But presto change when they say nay.
By orthodoxy you're denied,
The right to question God outside.
For that offense you've seal'd your fate
You ne'er can enter pearly gate.
If to saints you make confession,⁷¹
The slate is clean, there's no transgression.

Of moral cowards this world is full,
Who'll knuckle to a "Sacred Bull."
Saints picture panoramic scenes,
'Twixt Gods and Devils behind screens;
A real mirage is every one,
That has appear'd beneath the sun.
To the credit of the Devil,
On one thing he does seem level;
He claims no authorship of slush
Testamentary to make men blush.
His worst offense is unbelief,
In doctrines of a noted thief.
Like Mose, Ike, Jake and Abraham,
Whom every honest man must damn,
Pity all who in their youth,
Accepted Creed made Gods for truth.
In tender youth, they're not to blame,
Upon the clergy rests the shame.

Greed and creed have gone hand in hand,
Inciting war in every land.
It's rare a war is fought on earth,
That has not ministerial birth.

⁷¹ Matt. x: 32.

They'll pray for peace and war provoke,
But few are found in battle's smoke.
By prayers they prey upon mankind,
Where blood is shed they skulk behind.
If vict'ry rests upon their banner,
They swell with pride, speak in this manner:—

Our boys like very Devils fought,
All honor to old Satan taught.

This is the way a God did treat,
A weeping Mother in the street,
Said, "What have I to do with thee." ⁷²
Praying for him piteously.
For changing water into wine, ⁷³
The toppers claim'd he was divine.
"God ordained the powers that be." ⁷⁴
That doctrine suits the ministry.
Especially if they get a share,
Of public funds or gift that's rare.
The Mason and the Dixon line,
Controll'd the voice of each divine.
The one who lived down in the South,
For slavery bawled with open mouth.
The ones who live in Northern clime,
Denounced it as a heinous crime.
If perchance there was exception,
He hied away, no ejection.
Where abolitionists paid the fees,
Freedom, preachers voiced with ease.
When slavery cover'd all the land,
No "Sky-Pilot" e'er had the sand,

⁷² John ii: 4.

⁷³ John ii: 9-11.

⁷⁴ Rom. xiii: 1.

To stand for freedom 'gainst that wrong,
Submission taught with prayer and song.
When the clergy slaves possessed
Servitude by God was blest,
A preacher living in "Bay State,"
Dragged his slave from church to gate,
Because poor "Cuffy" failed to skip,
And lead a horse an eight mile trip.
The negro after three days died,
Hence the master was not tried,
Three Days,⁷⁵ Scripture limitation,
Thus in this assassination,
Of a slave by master killed,
The "Holy Laws of God" fulfill'd.

A Bible's bought laid on the shelf,
Explained by those who're out for pelf.
(This poem will be damned by those,
Who never ope' or bible close.)

"In sweat of face⁷⁶ shalt thou eat bread."
A precept that the clergy dread,
The highest salary is paid,
To those who love the summer shade.

King James prescribed the latest books
Except additions made by crooks
Who knew the ignorance of the crew,
Was daily lessening by a few,
James was ordained,—'Tis no libel,
See the first page of old bible.
He expunged from Inspirations,
Books held true for generations.

⁷⁵ Ex. xxi: 21.

⁷⁶ Gen. iii: 19.

You'll get the history more complete,
By reading books now obsolete.
Were bible parts five hundred years,
Exciting sceptics' knowing leers.
King James' translation left them out,
Because they fostered too much doubt.
For James divinely crowned as king,
Bible's preface with praises ring.
His blood to occupy the throne,
For eons after we are gone.
How can a true democracy,
Thus knuckle to a monarchy?

Reluctantly the church synod,
Has let mankind depose their God,
Common sense will not be fooled,
'Twould be suppressed if clergy ruled.
The laity demands a voice,
The people now may make a choice.
Connecticut's undying shame,
Allowed the clergy laws to frame.
In connection with this story,
Read the death of Giles Cory:—
Under Laws⁷⁷ by James enacted,
The life of Cory was exacted.
Crushed beneath a heavy weight,
For efforts to save his own estate,
And loyal wife from cruel fate,
When things were run by Church and State.
The same they'd do e'en to this day,
Were we to let the church have sway.
"Ordained of God⁷⁸ the powers that be."
A text that's caused such infamy.

⁷⁷ Blue Laws.

⁷⁸ Rom. xiii: 1.

Gods always were the friends of crowns,
 When power was lodged in clergy's gowns.
 It gives to each sublime effect,
 No matter if man's freedom's wreck'd.
 Why not, thrones God advocate,
 He one of gold does habitate.
 By rule of the theologist,
 True Democracy can ne'er exist.
 No one can worship God as king,
 And consistently freedom sing.
 A kingdom being God's first choice,
 No other form could Christian voice.
 A God upon a "Golden Throne".
 Would ne'er democracy condone.
 A golden throne and golden street,
 And gates of pearls sound very sweet
 To ears attuned to pearls and coin,
 They'd wade in blood up to their groin.

For self-appointed curs of lust,
 Who'd keep you groveling in the dust,
 Now read about God's chosen few,
 In every instance 'twas a Jew.
 Christ's Mother was of Jewish birth,
 No wonder Hebrews smile with mirth,
 Upon attacks of your belief,
 When your "SUPREME ONE" came to
 grief.

Punishment for his desertion,
 From a God who made assertion:—
 "I am the only living God."⁷⁹
 As proof he'd ruled them with a rod.
 Dare you forget that God told you,

⁷⁹ Jer. x: 10.

The wealth of earth belong to Jew.
Dare you question God's decree,
Damn'd you'll be eternally.

No king has ever been uncrowned,
Nor canting minister ungown'd,
But what the Devil play'd a part
In practicing his sly "Black Art."
At least that's what the two have claimed,
Concurrently the Devil blamed.

The God of Moses often came,
Down to the earth his rights to claim.
With famine plagues and crawling lice,
For the suppression of all vice.
In tricks with serpents, lice and frogs,
God "beat the Devil like the dogs."
But in the mast'ring of the mind,
He left Jehovah far behind.
You'll get this data from "God's Word."
To idolators 'twill sound absurd .

The millions kill'd by God's decree,
Belonged to Satan's Majesty.
When all mankind were lost at sea,
God's share was one small family.
Blind reverence has but little lore,
Its knees are worn out on the floor.
Saints sacrifice all joys below,
For prospects for a "Holy" show.
Where they can sing and dance and play,
See sinners writhing every day.
Down in hell, in lake of fire,
Foreordained by "Holy Sire."
Few there'll be who'll get passport,

On "Gospel Ship" that sails to Court.
 Where harps are furnisht for the blest,
 When God determines who's the best.
 Those harps are gold like streets and crown,
 Popular metal—Jewish town.

Philosophers in every age,
 Have been the subject of God's rage,
 Hist'ry shows the brightest beacons,
 Targets, were for brainless deacons.
 One-third of Heaven cast into hell,
 Will greatly help the crowd to swell.
 And as the Devil gets the best,
 Of intellects, by God's request,
 While serfs and fools and idiots,
 Incapable of genuine thots,
 Have assurance they'll take their stand,
 Along with saints in promised land.
 'Tis bible proof you are beguiled,
 Unless you become like a child.
 Unfit subject for the skies,
 "Go where the worm never dies."⁸⁰
 When wickedness you can not know,
 Heavenward you're bound to go.
 As Heaven is but ten miles square,
 Only a few can enter there.
 'Tis said Lige went in rig of fire,⁸¹
 To endless bliss, home up higher.
 Missed, he must have his connection,
 According to Saint John's inspection,
 "No man to heaven hath ascended."⁸²
 Maybe he was apprehended.

⁸⁰ Jer. ix: 24.

⁸¹ Luke xiv: 51.

⁸² John iii: 13.

John was scribe when Lige had left,
Most sure his friends will feel bereft.
One consolation he left his bones,
To renew life and lesson groans.
Distance up there can't be great,
In seventh heaven was Adam's pate.
When in him God breathed breath of life,
This was expunged by saintly knife.
Examine see, 'tis no canard,
For evidence inspect discard.
Those bishops used by Constantine,
Used their scissors and they cut keen.
If Elijah's still *en route*,
An aeroplane may find him out.
No bulletins the Lord will give,
As in good days when Mose did live.
Then angels came like swarms of bees,
In fields of grass and on the trees,
Assuring saints that they'd be blest,
Damnation promist to the rest.
Trusty Peter in patience waits,
To pass the foolish thru the gates.
But dare not o'er the victory crow,
Or Pete will hurl you down below.
For offering such gross insult,
Would doubtless cause a great tumult,
A Rooster once in crowing twice⁸³
Gave notice of Saint Peter's vice.
Sensitive Peter sure will be,
About that earthly tragedy.
Welcome the babes they all pass in,
Because they all are free from sin.
Babes nor idiots cannot fight,
They know not even wrong from right.

⁸³ Matt. xxvi: 75; Mark xiv: 30.

"As a tree falls so it must lie,"⁸⁴
There is no growth up in the sky.
Propaganda, very clever,
Cherubs once, cherubs forever.
Saintly vision draws the Mother,
In God's temple, head to cover.
The open eyed have always been
Feared most by those who're hid within.
The Devil being free from love,
With weakness, ignorance above,
And having traveled up that way
To try out Job⁸⁵ who was a Jay.
He might again decide to go,
And fetch that mighty host below,
Inside the wall from which cast out,
And put that Heav'ly King to rout.
Add all the killed at Pentateuch,
And millions since by God's rebuke,
Then you'll have but faint conception,
Of the army of defection.
Led by intelligence and skill,
Equipped with everything at will,
With that third of population.
Consigned by God to damnation,
That kingdom there like these below
Democracy might overthrow.

In days of Moses God appeared,
And ordered thousands to be speared,
For expressions of unbelief
In declarations of a thief.
Alleging he with God conversed,⁸⁶

⁸⁴ Eccl. xi: 3.

⁸⁵ Job vi: 7.

⁸⁶ Gen. xxxii: 30; Deut. xxxi: 10.

Regarding Nature's Laws reversed.
In their stead establisht others,
Destroying hope that men be brothers.
To be enforced, with teeth and claws,
With serpent's fangs and lion's paws.
Hoof and beak and poisonous fang,
Favorite weapons of Moses' gang.

In those dark days if all the meat,
On altar offerings God did eat,
Why is it now that he does fast,
And has for many centuries past?
In Pentateuchal days of yore,
Great God demanded flesh⁸⁷ and gore.
If all that meat were sacrifice,
Who can conceive of greater vice,
Than wasting food on deity,
When famine stalked from sea to sea.
'Twould have supplied the world for years,
And dried up hungry children's tears.
The rich with herds were never lost,
Were favorites at the pentacost.
They always had a bull or goat,
O'er which their Deity could gloat.
Those who were of the "Common Herd",
Must be content to kill a bird,
Squabs from the poor, delicious dish,
Which partly satisfied God's wish.
Perchance they owned a nanny goat,
They'd take its first kid, cut its throat,
Have no meat for their own table,
All thru fear of fate of Abel,
Who got in trouble 'bout God's meat
And had to wear a winding sheet.

⁸⁷ II Chron. vii: 5.

'Tis strange God's feasting was at night,
Since he is called the "Prince of Light."
No trace of meat was found next day,
He never let a piece decay.
Economy by him was taught,
All meat consumed that e'er was brot.
The course meat took was once in doubt,
Which caused some books to be left out.
It would not do to doubt the saints,
'Gainst some of whom were sore complaints;
The ashes scattered 'round the altar,
Caused the sceptics then to falter;
Tracks traced the carcass to a home,
Not inhabited by a gnome.
The king was called, the trick exposed,
So far as known no priest deposed.
Imagine then the King's surprise,
To see the proof with his own eyes.
The trail led straight to clergy's home,
Who sought the shades of night to roam.
The books that said that others eat,
The smallest part of God's good meat,
Have been expunged, as they should be,
As tainted with rank heresy.
Every effort to stop God's feast (?)
Was attributed to "The Beast."
Critics all, were cast in prison,
And by dupes held in derision.
Were burned in public at the stake,⁸⁸
When they took issue with a fake.
Many fanatics of this day,
Would if they dared do the same way.
"The Godly" were a mottled crew,

⁸⁸ Calvin vs. Servetus.

From Moses on to Saint Matthew.
God to Moses the tablets gave,
On which ten laws he did engrave.
A statute for the Israelite,
To guide him thru the day and night.
Altho those laws had long been taught,
In Hindustan,⁸⁹ a land of thot.
Plagiarism, those Hindus cried,
And claimed that Holy Moses lied.
'Bout his Jehovah's authorship,
Submitted to his statesmanship.
When Mose returned from Sinai,
Viewed the idol and heard saints cry,
He smashed the tablet in his hand,
As fine as desert grains of sand.

Samson's strength is in dispute,
If weight of stones you will compute.
'Twas hardly caused by fatigue,
Outside opinion, 'twas intrigue;
Exactng gifts from those afraid,
Of gold from which that calf was made.
"No man can see God's face and live."⁹⁰
A contradiction here we give.
Mose saw God's face and lived for years,
Ne'er entertaining any fears.
Their God like politicians now,
Could make and break most any vow.
Another version of that calf
Would make a golden image laugh.
To make a God that they could see,
Deluded serfs gave jewels free.
To then complete that "Holy Trick,"

⁸⁹ Hindu Bible.

⁹⁰ Gen. xxxii: 30.

And hand the dupes a "Golden Brick,"
Their fake solution of that gold,
Was served to them in water cold.
The donors thot, they got gold back,
In drinking water thirst to slak (e)
In Holy alliance with the gown'd,
In watered stock the dupes are drown'd.
Psychologists were Josh and Mose,
Could give fragrance without the rose.
The grip that Mose held on the Jew,
No doubt's the same that's held on you.
Who now believes Mose wrote his death,⁹¹
Long after he had lost his breath,
His place of burial in the vale,
And how his friends did weep and wail.
None his equal e'er was born,
And won't be 'till Gabe blows his horn.
Moses the meekest man e'er known,
Best proof—the statement is his own.
It's claimed he wrote the first five books
'Bout frogs and lice and snakes and spooks,
In which he tells God hated Cain,⁹²
Refused to take his fruits and grain,
Of him a tiller of the soil,
Enough to make Cain's red blood boil.
How God loved the sight of Abel,
Who furnisht bullocks for His table.
His choice divine a bitter pill,
Caused Cain to anger, then to kill.
A brother whom he fain would love,
But for base plan of him above.
Then Cain was banisht⁹³ from his home,

⁹¹ Deut. xxxv: 5-10.

⁹² Gen. iv: 5.

⁹³ Gen. iv: 12.

Exiled—First Tramp—compell'd to roam.
He found a wife in foreign land,
Who was not made by God's own hand.
Ancestry, not of tail or rib.
To be sure he liked her jib.
If she were of God's creation,
Unworthy she of notation.
By the scribes who kept the data,
Never guilty of errata.

After God made his inspection,
And declared all was perfection,
Up popped the Devil like a mink,
Upset God's plans as quick as wink.
Proving that, schemes of God or man,
Ne'er can thwart the Devil's clan.
The Devil wore that cynic's grin,
Man multiplied as well as sin.
Ne'er confessing any error,
Erstwhile to all saints a terror.
God repented⁹⁴ for making man,
Adopted then destructive plan,
By causing rain to make a flood,
He carried it out in coldest blood.
While angrily his Lordship raves,
Unwelcome pups found watery graves.
A favorite he could not eschew,
Was chosen then the work to do.
Noah was told to build the ark,
On world wide sea he must embark,
Cause, mankind refused to harken,
All above began to darken,
God declared he would destroy,
Every girl and every boy,

⁹⁴ Gen. vi: 6.

All who were living, none he'd save,⁹⁵
From the deluge—water grave;
Except the family of Noah,
Who on this world alone should stay.
God gave Noah ark's dimensions,
About which were no contentions.
In architecture God gave plans,
That would disgrace our artisans.
Could be no grounds for contentions,
SUPREMACY, bars all inventions.
'Gainst the perfection of that boat,
Being best craft e'er set afloat.
By wiser heads God's ever led,
In truth he never was ahead,
In morals, science, arts or facts.
If he advanced 'twas by men's acts.
By computations ascertain,
Mankind's advancement is God's gain.
On earth, in hell, beyond the sky,
Jehovah has no alibi.
As it is claim'd he's everywhere,
He smiles and frowns and cuts his hair.
By his book he must be measured,
On his merits he'll be treasured.
Mathematics won't lead you wrong,
Ark four hundred fifty feet long,⁹⁶
Width, seventy five—figures tell,
Thirty five 'twixt Heaven and Hell.
The window eighteen inches square,
Size of door is not given there;
One hundred fifty days afloat,
Without an anchor to that boat.
Forty days, no ventilation,

⁹⁵ Gen. vi: 2, 3.

⁹⁶ Gen. vi: 16.

Food sufficient, no privation.
Assembled there by God's command,
Every thing by Noah's hand;
Parasites whose life's a minute,
Did they live the flood time limit?
Or were they cultured in the ark,
To keep alive that vital spark?
Thousands of miles of water to cross,
One old carpenter pilot and boss,
Without compass or propeller,
Oh he was a brave old "Feller."
Same mechanic who built the boat,
Gathered them in,⁹⁷ set it afloat;
All were selected, two by two,
From Africa to Kalamazoo.
Mammoth elephants, swinging their trunks,
Led by Noah with brace of skunks,
A pair of sloths, one mile a day,
Limit of speed, from America.
Venemous snakes encircling his frame,
As kind as doves, lamblike and tame;
Myriads of millions, bugs and lice,
From arctic zones to fields of rice;
The microbes and parasites,
Takes microscopes to catch these mites.
Speed of lightning, eyes far seeing,
Noah was a wondrous being.
Marvel—Six hundred years of age,⁹⁸
When in this work he did engage.
For forty days on briny deep,
Noah alone to vigil keep.
He fed and cared for all on board,
And every one to land restored.

⁹⁷ Gen. vii: 19.

⁹⁸ Gen. vii: 6.

With procreative power to give,
A new set on this world to live.
Thousands of miles on stormy seas,
O'er frigid zone and verdant leas.
For every living thing on earth,
Ample provisions for a berth.
That ark's window gave no light,
For forty days⁹⁹ 'twas shut up tight.
No night on earth was near so dark,
No rays of light, not even spark.
No wonder Noah's spirits sunk,
And caused him to go on a drunk.
'Twould make the stoutest hearted flunk,
The venom coupled with a skunk.
When self-respect he negated,
Sure he was intoxicated.
His nakedness Ham tried to hide;¹⁰⁰
You are a black man, Noah cried.
Poor Ham's descendants to this day,
Must wear that mark, 'twon't fade away.
Specifications of that boat,
Must have caused the Devil to gloat,
Sure of destruction of the crew,
Composed of God's selected few.
Where was Satan in that scene,
In Noah's ark he must have been,
Or left the earth, returned again,
To tempt mankind after the rain.
All saints admit he's now on tap,
Primed and groomed for another scrap.
The seed of Noah multiplied,
He at nine hundred fifty¹⁰¹ died.

⁹⁹ Gen. vii: 6.

¹⁰⁰ Gen. ix: 23.

¹⁰¹ Gen. ix: 29.

No drunkard can in Heaven dwell,¹⁰²
Hence Noah must be down in hell.
With all that host left in the rain,
Noah with each one lived in vain.
Again came Satan out ahead,
With Noah and the sea claim'd dead.
Was God e'er worthy of a friend,
To let him meet such tragic end?

Procreative power was given,
The sons of God who dwell in Heaven;
The books that gave to Satan same,
Council of Nice consigned to flame.
The Devil's offspring were called Jinns,
They flew on wings or walk'd on pins;
Invisible if they desired,
Always rested, never tired.
Now invisible, now in sight,
Male or female, hermaphrodite;
Great weights could move at mere command,
O'er waters deep or o'er the land;
Solomon's temple they helped build,
Its frescoed walls, ornaments gild;
Great stones in pyramids they laid,
All powerful they and not afraid;
Maternal lines, angelic birth,
Paternal ones at Devil's hearth.
In one account Ad had a tail,
God cut it off, made a female.
Take your choice of rib or tail,
You'll hear opponents rant and rail.
Tails of snails are retrospective,
But the rib tale proved seductive.
Fifteen thousand boys had Eve,

¹⁰² I Cor. vi: 10.

If the Talmud you'd believe.
Also as many girls had she;
No troubles in maternity.
Had council said the Talmud's true,
'Twould be acceptable to you.
If of its pages you knew more,
Than of the book you now adore.
The less some know the more devout,
Knowledge in the creeds go out.
Square book with reason millions tried,
Without success millions died.

Another sample let us give,
The truest life e'er man could live:—
He was a resident of Uz,
His name was Job, that's what it was.
A man both perfect and upright,
Jehovah left in sorry plight.¹⁰³
With sons of God before the throne,
Devil dared God and God was prone,
By his order the plan was laid,
On rich Job's wealth and health to raid;
The Devil proved he was master;
Inflict wounds then furnish plaster.
The Devil directed, God obeyed,
Such cruel acts were ne'er portray'd,
When poor old Job, a trusting saint,
Was tortur'd on Devil's complaint.
His oxen stolen, burned his sheep,
Murdered his children in a heap;
Inflicted him with many sores,
Numerous boils with painful cores;
Reeking mass of putrefaction,
Imposed up, benefaction;

¹⁰³ Job i.

Seething mass of putrid tissue,
Purulence from every issue.
All to prove Job would not profane
God to his face and "raise old Cain."
Job stood the torture and the loss,
Cursed every thing except his boss.
He even cursed his mother's womb,
Prayed for death in silent tomb.
To treat an upright man that way,
Would not men damn it in this day?
'Twas strange God's sons¹⁰⁴ would run about,
With Satan whom God had cast out.
"God of man is no respecter,"¹⁰⁵
Of persons, says the Holy Rector.
Compare these acts with Jeremiah,
When he was *cured* by the Messiah.
'Twas sixteen millions miles the sun,
God order'd stopt in its daily run,
To cure a boil on Jerry's neck,¹⁰⁶
Aided by figs used by the peck.
Doubtless sceptics were amused,
At stopping sun and fig leaves used.
Decree of death God did erase,
Brot to Jerry a smiling face.
Went Moses' sun around the earth,
Such inspiration excites mirth,
Of men of astronomic lore,
Who've had the wisdom to explore
The planets' way in distant space,
Their many revolutions trace.
God's facts were false, the Devil taught,
But to quick judgment men were brot,

¹⁰⁴ Job i: 6; ii: 1.

¹⁰⁵ Acts x: 34.

¹⁰⁶ Isa. xxxviii: 8.

Who dared to question what Mose said,
Soon they were numbered with the dead.
In obedience to God's decrees,
'Mid halleluliah obsequies.
"Sons of God saw daughters of men."¹⁰⁷
From them took wives and raised childr'n.
A few of whom attained renown,
And Grandpa God gave them a crown.

Abraham God's favorite, too,
A money getter and a Jew:—
Abe took Sarah his beautiful wife¹⁰⁸
In to Pharaoh, causing strife.
Abe called her sister, got a stake,
From that lewd king—a noted rake.
God let Abram go "Scot Free"
And Pharaoh paid the penalty.¹⁰⁹
Herds of cattle Abe drove away
A generous gift he got that day.
When Abram was ninety nine,
His wife's maid was his concubine.
To Abe and Hagar came a child,
By angels fed in forest wild.
The grass on trodden paths won't grow,
God prepared the seed to sow,
God promist Abe to multiply,
Until his seed would reach the sky.
Sarah, Abe's wife, at first agreed,
That from Hagar he might raise seed,
'Twas when barren she consented,
But when fertile she resented.

¹⁰⁷ Gen. vi: 6.

¹⁰⁸ Gen. xii: 13-15.

¹⁰⁹ Gen. xii: 15.

She was ninety¹¹⁰ when this occurred,
Abe thot God's promise was absurd,
He fell upon his face to laugh,
Thot God was feeding him on chaff.
When Sarah heard the news she laughed,
To think that back to youth she'd waft.
His youthful vigor was restored,
From which he raised a lech'rous horde.
First little Ike made his debut,
Abraham then becomes a Jew;
Was circumcized to get in line,
With angels who in Kingdom shine.
Males in his family did so, too,
A world in sight, what would you do?
Jehovah's promise that he gave,¹¹¹
Was All mankind should be Jew's slave.
Jehovah then with blood in eyes,
Demanded Ike as sacrifice,
To prove to God that he was good,
Agreed to kill Ikey in the wood.
Ike's body stripped, the knife was drawn,
In one more second he was gone,
Then a voice like clarion note,
"Don't kill Ike, but kill a goat"!
That voice from God to Abraham,
Saved little Ike but kill'd the ram.
The ram was there right on the spot,
Fast in the bushes he was caught.
Abe seized the ram, let Ikey go,
And from that goat red blood did flow.
Another one of God's trained herd,
Obedient to his holy word.
As Abe was up to many schemes,

¹¹⁰ Gen. xiii: 17.

¹¹¹ Gen. xiii: 15-17.

Could this have been one of his dreams?
A false pretense his son to slay,
For which the Israelites would pay.
In that day no prohibition,
For drinking wine no damnation.
Wine and woman, Solomon's song,
Did atavism free from wrong.
"As sand which is upon the sea,"¹¹²
Was promist Abe his seed should be,
"Will multiply thy seed as stars,"
Abe surely won God's honor bars.
God e'en endorsed the scheme by which,
That old cuckold became so rich,
God has given him flocks and herds,¹¹³
Silver and gold—"Biblical Words."
Ikey was God's preference,
Illegitimates all went hence.
Ikey kept the old home stand.
Abe sent others to foreign land.
Finally Abe gave up the ghost,
And joined above the Heavenly host."
Was in Machpelah laid to rest,
With saints immortal ever blest.
Ikey, his son came on the scene,
And played "The Skin Game" just as keen.
Passed his wife off as his sister,¹¹⁴
The king caught him as he kiss'd her
He called Ike up and asked him why,
He had told that d— big lie.
Like his old dad, said 'twas fear,
On that defense God set him clear.
Then to protect the cuckold's wife,

¹¹² Jer. xxxiii: 22.

¹¹³ Gen. xxi: 15.

¹¹⁴ Gen. xxvi: 11-7.

The king decreed, the loss of life.
A penalty¹¹⁵ if any dare,
To injure the degenerate pair.
'Tis strange that all such family traits,
Would enter in such "Holy Pates."
All Israelites were promist food,
If with Moses they made good.
Quail and manna, dainty dishes,
Came when Moses made known wishes.
God's shower of quails¹¹⁶ was three feet deep,
And if piled up in one big heap
Would furnish ample quail on toast,
That all the men on earth could boast,
Of having feasted on that bird.
To doubt that this great feast occur'd
Would place you in a brimstone pit,
Where all the fires of hell are lit.
Four thousand fed on seven loaves,¹¹⁷
Who were assembled in the groves.
Just seven small loaves and three fish,
Was all the multitude could wish.
One saint says five, one eleven.
To get the facts write to heaven.
Of what they left and what they ate,
The scribes are quite inaccurate.
After that feast was finished,
Each one's appetite diminished.
Seven (or eleven) baskets to the brim,
Were ordered gathered up by him.
"Liars figure, figures don't lie."
A fact no sane man will deny.
Christ promoter of this revel,

¹¹⁵ Gen. xxiv: 2.

¹¹⁶ Ex. xvi: 12-14.

¹¹⁷ Matt. xiv: 17-37.

Was the forfeit to the Devil.
In redemption of the sinners,
Who continue to be winners,
When it comes to actual number.
Who should not the earth encumber,
As decreed by "God of Love,"
Enforc'd by court that sits above.
To-day in food lines you'll find,
Who're empty handed in the wind,
Hungry, exhausted, go to bed,
Where is that God that Israel fed?
Millions dying, millions dead,
O'er all the world *now* needing bread.
Let Christian Nations hide for shame
'Twas from the pulpits, last war came.
From one extreme to another,
Then for murder, now for brother (?)
Thus God is pictured in "His book",
You'll know this true if you will look.
Chapter nineteen, Genesis, see
Many murders of first degree.
Just let these filter thru your brain,
Let reason guide, there'll be a stain,
Resultant from impressions made,
By reading matter of this grade.
Read Leviticus, thus it runs,
"Ye shall eat the flesh of your sons." ¹¹⁸
Think of a God who'd feed such meat.
"Flesh of your daughters you shall eat."
Cannibalism, hard to beat,
It is high time to call retreat.
Again refer to chapter four,
Don't drop the filth upon the floor.
But flash it in the eyes of those,

¹¹⁸ Deut. xxviii: 55.

Who in such filth would dare repose.
As a tailor, God succeeded
But as a baker bread he kneaded.¹¹⁹
My Christian brother, let us fast,
While bread God baked is being passed,
Would e'er a Devil bake such bread,
After men to him have fled.
His punishment is after death,
But should hell's inmates catch the breath,
Of those who ate that "Holy Bread,"
In brimstone lake would duck their head.
If perchance they go to heaven,
Loaded with that "Holy Leaven,"
Another war might come about,
To put the scavengers to rout.

Great Giants¹²⁰ traveled in those days,
At sight of which the hair would raise.
Men compared to those great whoppers,
Would be tiny as grasshoppers.
Moses knew all beyond the skies,
Was ignorant of those men of size.
Where they've gone and how they fared,
Little's known and naught he cared.
Tales scared the children most to death,
Adults were frightened out of breath.
When wondrous tales like these were told,
'Twas to drive sinners in God's fold.
Old Og's shin bones¹²¹ were three miles long,
This must be true, tho it sounds strong.
It is reported in Og's book,
Altho in Sanscrit, why not look.

¹¹⁹ Ezek. iv: 12.

¹²⁰ Num. xiii: 32-33.

¹²¹ Book of Og, discarded.

And satisfy yourself if true,
If men of such proportions grew.
Read book of Og, it may sound queer,
Thru his shin bone man chased a deer,
Reference to Og is inspired,
Council of Nice the balance fired.
For twenty years that council sat,
Ruled by a vicious theocrat.
He that council called in session,
Fearing he would lose possession,
On that great throne on which he sat,
No longer able "To stand pat."
Bloodthirsty in highest degree,
A favorite of Deity.
Desperate, venomous and bold,
Murderer in his own household.
Assembled in a Pagan Hall,
Three hundred bishops at his call.
There they fought like cats and dogs,
O'er other books as well as Og's.
Thousands of volumes at their command,
Hist'ries of Gods of ev'ry land.
In fact they never did agree,
On what books came from deity.
After all those years of wrangle,
One wise chap untied the tangle:—
Compelling each to leave the room,
In total darkness and in gloom.
Every book found on the table,
Should bear inspiration's label.
After this shrewd trick was played,
Few were kill'd and others flayed,
For their objections to the plan,
The compromise 'twixt Christ and man.
After agreeing with the crew,

One old bishop lost his cue,
That old fellow at ninety-nine,
Afterwards knelt at Pagan Shrine.
No baser criminal e'er was seen,
Than old Emperor Constantine.
Murdered the father of his wife,
Sacrific'd his children's life.
The base old sneak with compromise,
Broke up early Christian ties.
Took their Sabbath for his Sunday,
And their second for his Mo(o)nday.
Church ceremonies by the score,
Can be traced to the Pagan door.
The Christian creed was sacrificed,
Submission said to be of Christ.
Why can't the Gods get together,
Have a calm, not stormy weather?
If Moses' God is what is claim'd,
In all that's Christly he's defamed.
Denunciation of Moses creed,
Due to sowing Christian seed.
The greatest "Wind Game" play'd on earth,
Enough to provoke the dead to mirth.
Played by Joshua at Jerico,
With rams' horns laid its walls so low.
By vibrations of rams' horns blown,
Those heavy walls were all o'erthrown.
Vibrations now are used to cure
Divers diseases, to be sure.
Fakes in this day have devices,
Very like the ancient vices.
After the destruction of that wall,
No compromise but death to all;
All the people, sheep and cattle,
Killed by murder after battle.

'Twas God's decree all must be slain,
Pleas of mercy were in vain.
"Lord hath given you the city."
One lone harlot¹²² received pity,
Because she harbored Josh's spy,
And told her kindred a d— lie.
Had that harlot then been kill'd,
The blood of Christ would not have spill'd :—
Lineal descendant said to be,
In that Christian pedigree.
Harlots are welcome if they pay
Their pew rent, even in this day.
The price that harlots pay for pews,
No pulpiteer will e'er refuse.
But should some sister dare to kick,
How deftly they will turn the trick,
They glibly say "we must not judge,"
Against dissenters, note the grudge.
No matter how the coin's obtained,
It's ever welcome to ordained.
They'll grab it from mob leader's hand,
And take the donor in the stand.
Jammed up against the mercy seat,
You'll view the men that ever cheat.
Implore them worship at a shrine,
Ho-cus-pocus, Love Divine.
To be adored 'till life shall end,
And meet in heaven each earthly friend.

Mark—Two and two are ever four,
Are now and will be evermore;
Two and two can ne'er be five,
Can't make it so howe'er you strive.

¹²² Josh. vi: 16, 25.

That three in One and One in Three,
An absolute absurdity,
There's no belief can change a fact,
Study 'till your cranium's crack'd.
There's no exception to the rule,
Disputant's either knave or fool,
Or lost to reason from a creed,
Origin of priestly greed.

At evolution preachers rail,
And swear that men ne'er wore a tail;
"They waved their tails like the cedars." ¹²³
Read the rest, ye bible readers.
Tho 'tis not stated in God's log,
Presumption points to tribe of Og;
With caudal appendage to compare,
With length of legs and growth of hair.
'Twould have required Giants' strength
To wave those tails of such great length.
Goliath¹²⁴ was a giant loud,
When Davie fixed him for his shroud,
Sure little David had the swing,
To hurl that pebble in a sling.
With force that giant's skull to crush,
Demonstrates that he had the push,
The Devil had some husky giants,
In intellect as well as science,
These facts God's hist'ry (?) verifies,
That none could beat his saints on lies.
Withered, wizzen'd cadaveric jays,
Always plotting, scheming frays,
Against the giants in intellect,
Who of all deserved respect.

¹²³ Job xl: 17.

¹²⁴ I Sam. xvii: 49-50.

Volney, Voltaire, Hume and Gibbons,
Orthodoxy tore to ribbons.
It has been so in every age,
Devil's reason, Deities rage.
The Gods used force, the Devils thought,
All superstition sages fought.
John Wesley, Calvin, all the Johns,
Are relegated to by-gones.
Each stood for witches, spooks, bug-bears,
Benighted minds, inherit theirs.
Their dogmas now thrown overboard,
Their spirits juggled and implored.
O'er their d— doctrines draw the veil,
Evolution has told the tale.
'Tis said Divinity shapes our ends,
Honest intellect ne'er defends,
Suppressing thots by word or pens,
Heeding never their broad A-M-E-N-S.
All creeds cause blindness, reason light,
Giant thot 'gainst parasite.
One juggles Idols, Gods and Jove,
One with radiant reason strove.
One consigns to snakes of night,
The other soars on wings of light.
Such goslings have no wings at all,
May think they fly but watch them fall
While all those Johns sleep in their graves,
Their superstitions still hold slaves.
Improvement since their time is great,
Thoughtfulness is killing hate.
The road is long that has no turn,
Beware ye saints who'd sinners burn.
God's cornucopia in full blast,
Furnished the Jews with rich repast.

When forty days in wilds banished,
Manna plenty, hunger vanished.¹²⁵

World's millions now are needing bread,
Pity for them that Mose is dead.
Gaunt and ghastly, needing pity
Are many in the crowded city,
To love entitled and fair play,
As well as those of Moses' day.
Could God be good, withhold his hand,
While woe and misery stalk the land.
From Moses to Christ 'tis quite a stride,
In interim billions died.
Where they are now no one can tell,
May be that place 'twixt heav'n and hell.
Intimation of such a place,
Makes protestants grow red in face.
Discovery in twelfth century made,
Where sinners stop to rest in shade.
Until the blast from Gabriel's horn
Awakes them for the Judgment morn.

By curing blindness with his spit,¹²⁶
Jesus made a popular hit.
He made the cripples drop their sticks
And hop around like young wood hicks.
With the sick he ne'er was formal,
Palsied limbs he made quite normal;
Millions crippled, millions maimed.
Moses' friends the Christians blamed.

In last war the pulpit pounders
Joined with War Lords and expounders.

¹²⁵ Ex. xvi: 6; Josh. v: 6.

¹²⁶ John x: 6.

Recall that Christ, and make men sound,
That hypocrites have made abound.
And raise those dead and cure the blind,
And heal heart aches of Mothers, kind.
Sure this demand is no disgrace
Let those lov'd boys see mother's face.
True hearted boys were forced to fight,
Despite their protest, 'twas not right.
Flags and shrapnel ever flying,
O'er the fields where boys were dying.
This a sample of pretense,
Of worshipping intelligence.
Had the promoters of that war,
One spark of love their hearts to jar,
Surely they'd gasp for one pure breath,
And tumble in the arms of death.
See the War-Lords 'fore God kneeling,
While from nations they were stealing.
Saying their God will cure the blind,
Then raise from prayer to slay mankind.
With hypocrites go in cahoot,
And bribe the clergy with their loot.
From days of Moses this was true,
The hypocrites have kept the cue.
'Twas said that Moses was color blind,
And daffy over womankind.
Miriam angered because he wed,
An African¹²⁷ she deemed ill bred.
Miriam was Moses's sister,
In her exile he ne'er missed her.
She and Aaron expressed surprise
That Shebe shone in Moses' eyes,
Critic made God hot as pepper,

¹²⁷ Num. xii: 1, 9.

Forthwith she was made a leper.
For seven days banisht from camp,
For finding fault with that old scamp.
Aaron's kick seemed no offense,
Did not displease Omnipotence.
No matter what with men occurred,
No woman's voice dared to be heard.

'Tis pertinent here to relate,
That woman suffrage came too late,
Her soul was saved by just one vote,
Assembled churchmen named by rote.
Class'd them by saints as near a brute,
As suffragist she's called a "Beaut."
For woman to unveil her face,
In that dark day a last disgrace
Reflect now on those saintly knocks,
When viewing her at ballot box.
Had this occurred in days of Sarai,
Mose would have raised hara-kari.
God is unchangeable they say,
If that be true who rules this day?
Every move for her constructed,
Was by Moses' Laws obstructed.
Saint Paul would make her shut her mouth,
From arctic zone to tropic south
When she sought to use the ballot,
Brot to arms religious zealot.
To see her exercise that right,
T'would turn Mose all o'er leprous white.
As white as snow his hand defaced,
When in his bosom it was plac'd.¹²⁸
Plac'd back then and when withdrawn,
The snow white leprosy was gone.

¹²⁸ Ex. iv: 6, 7, 35; vii: 9.

Mose cast his rod upon the ground,
Within a flash a snake was found.
Juggling Jehovah had no peers,
Mose grabbed its tail then rod appears.
A special gift from "Only God."
Was that peculiar magic rod.
No modern man is half as slick,
As Moses was with Godly stick.
The ocean roll'd back in a heap,
When rod touched waters of the deep;
Leaving the bottom of the sea,
As dry as powder e'er could be.
His army marched in safety through,
And every one of them a Jew.
But when old Pharaoh tried to cross,
His army was a total loss.
The sea closed in as Mose directed,
Pharaoh's host was ne'er inspected.
Men and women in a panic,
Swallowed like the Great Titanic.
Believing in Almighty charms,
Mothers holding babes in arms,
With nothing but the waves to mock,
Went to the bottom like a rock.
Their cries for mercy to their God,
Got no sympathy from magic rod.
Unchanging God is said to be,
Then how can Mose and Christ agree
With—"As ye would have others do."
A likewise course with them pursue.
Upon the Devil is not the blot,
People have changed if God has not.
By non-conformists not afraid,
Radical changes have been made.
Their acts accredited at the time,

To some one from a hotter clime.
They dared challenge men-made Gods,
For that offense they're 'neath the clods.
Square men in every age and clime,
Have suffered death or prison time.
To-day "God's Word" with brutal force,
Would stop scientists in their course.
Was damned by every creedist lip,
Science as Devil's partnership.
Hongerango-Congurango,
Text of Sky-Pilots here below.
Were made believe a juggling trick,
Would cure the blind and heal the sick.

Worms, frogs, vermin, lions and lice,
At God's command came in a thrice.
Would swim an ocean or climb a tree,
In obedience to God's decree.
Grind men's bones, swallow them whole
Or children kill to get God's toll.
Whose subject would God's praises sing,
While murdering for a base king.
Rob the nations of life and health,
Cringing, crawling, with cat-like stealth.
Millions murdered for unbelief,
Would steal the wheat when in the sheaf.
The stolen property, claimed for "Him."
Justified by religious whim.
Despotic knaves in churches shine,
Upon pretense of Love Divine.
Hear divines at convocation,
Damning Devil's occupation.
"Were God's Elect" when on the throne,
The most despotic villains known.
The judge who would God's Laws enforce,

To rules of justice lost his course.
In him rank superstition resigns,
Or corruption for earthly gains.
For blind public's recognition,
Some will make such exhibition.
Are never moved by blood or tear,
The God-like warriors on this sphere.
The prostituted on the bench,
Are primed with dignity and stench,
Bitterest hatred for the masses,
Cringing, crawling to the classes.
The purest gentlest beings known
Are kill'd by wearers of the gown.
If a hell were e'er created,
For hottest place they should be slated.
The harmless beast was never free,
From the Jehovah's cruelty.
Hitites, Canahites, and Hivites,¹²⁹
Fled from fear of hornet bites,
Special creation of the Lord,
To make them heed his Holy Word.
Those hornet bites were so severe,
That thick skin'd elephants fled with fear.
Fiery serpents¹³⁰ the "Good Lord" sent,
To torture the non-penitent.
Same seed that God made multiply,
From his great monsters had to die.
Another one of God's mistakes,
Was multiplying seed of rakes.
Who'll be fuel for Devil's fire,
Burn forever, and ne'er expire.
'Twas God made snakes and gave them
fangs,

¹²⁹ Ex. xxiii: 28.¹³⁰ Num. xxi: 6.

Also preachers with their harangues.
One poisons the blood and one the mind,
In either case you will go blind.
'Twas Aaron made the snake of brass,
A glance at it you'd feel first class.
Tho one had felt the serpent bite,
A look at it would cure him quite.¹³¹

¹³¹ Num. xxi: 8, 9.

For venom spewed by preachers' rote,
Truth and reason's the antidote.
Seems strange that God would send disease,
That saints could cure with greatest ease.
Note:—Magic cures by blood of birds,
Accompanied with blessed words.
Has lost its virtue with the priest,
Gone glimmering with the altar feast.

Saint Mark gives test¹³² beyond dispute,
You as Christians dare not refute.
When proof's demanded you must comply,
Or that you are Christians we deny.
Lay hands on sick and make them well,
Or you are branded fit for hell.
Drink deadly poisons, pick up snakes,
Or frankly admit that you are fakes.
Cast out Devils and make men free,
Fill'd with love for humanity.
By all these signs Mark says know you,
As fit for heaven or in hell stew.
Don't say the day of miracles past,
Inquisitor iconoclast.
The gospel must reach all mankind,
'Fore this excuse can free your mind.
These Christ's doctrines you must preach,

¹³² Mark v: 15.

To every Nation, on earth 'twill reach.
If you can do what Mark requires,
You'll be no fuel for hell fires.
(In ignorance mankind is blest,
Please let them die and be at rest.)
Banish medicine, religious dope,
Let's have the proof no longer hope,
Christ said you could thru his saint Mark,
Now to that doctrine you must hark;
You need not dodge nor make excuse,
There's no argument in rank abuse.
Cowards' weapons are epithets,
Unfit defense for true prophets.
If on Saint Mark you don't rely,
You are yourself a living lie.
If that book is inspiration,
Doubting it means your damnation.
"He that believeth not shall be damned."¹⁸⁸
In childhood's head such doctrine's crammed.
You dare not doubt a single page,
Or God will fly into a rage;
Dare not jot nor tittle alter,
Lest your neck will feel the halter.
These penalties do not apply,
To those who talk to God on high.
They cut and slash and codify,
Since Moses stood on Sinai.
God states one thing, then denies it,
Here one believes, then decries it.
The parts that suit the saints the best,
They will accept, discard the rest.
Thus making God a "Jumping Jack."
Now he's on, now off the track.
Once God was kill'd and raised himself,

¹⁸⁸ Mark xvi: 16.

Poor Judas they say got the pelf.
From twenty years to twenty-two,
Jesus passed clear out of view.
So far as known no saint was "Tout."
His whereabouts were ne'er found out.
They kept Christ in, and off the street,
For killing many he would meet.¹³⁴
All who dar'd, Him criticise,
Would strike them down and paralyze.
Could he have spent that time in hell.
Where he was wont three days to dwell?
Judging him by what he did,
When angels came, removed the lid.
And let his spirit fly away,
To hottest hell, not endless day
Down he went to see the Devil,
Then returned with saints to revel.¹³⁵
"As wise as serpents ye shall be."
Such snakes may solve the mystery.

Another one of God's good friends,
'Gainst fire and fury he defends.
Lot of Sodom and Gomorro,
Brot his daughters down to sorrow.¹³⁶
Like Old Noah, "Went on a lark."
And lost of morals every spark.
'Twas on him that God took pity,
Saved him from the burning city.
That reprobate escaped by flight,
'Cause of piety in God's sight.
From her home and kindred fleeing,
With a hope of loved ones seeing,

¹³⁴ Apochrypha.

¹³⁵ Luke xxiv: 30; Mark xiv: 16; Gen. iii: 22.

¹³⁶ Gen. xxii: 30.

Lot's humane wife with loving eyes,
 Turned, looked back, to hear their cries,
 Her friends and kindred many dear,
 Dying in flames with shrieks and fear.
 A kindly impulse caused that halt,
 Changed for that to pillar of salt.¹⁸⁷
 Compare her acts with those of Lot,
 A most degenerate lech'rous sot.
 Could a demon conceive a crime,
 More atrocious, less sublime.
 Just God (?) transforming loving wife,
 To pillar of salt, devoid of life;
 And an incest crown with glory,
 Inspired men (?) wrote this story.
 A war of words and not of deeds,
 Proverbially, the acts of creeds.
 Insures fakes in wealth to revel,
 Heaping abuse upon a Devil.

Another scamp we'd have you see,
 Well noted for his perfidy:
 Another one of God's ordained,
 Whose filthy robe by crime was stain'd;
 Judah promised Tamar¹⁸⁸ a kid,
 He thot his crime from all was hid.
 When she was brot before his court,
 He blurted out we'll kill the sport.
 Had she failed to keep the token,
 With ston's her bon's would soon have
 broken.

She held the goods on that old man,
 Which soon upset his murderous plan.
 His signet, bracelets and his staff

¹⁸⁷ Gen. xxii: 26, 32, 36.

¹⁸⁸ Gen. xxxviii: 16-30.

Enabled her to turn the laugh,
On him the libertine and fraud,
Who sought to execute his bawd.
Made so by his dirty dealing,
When she came in hunger kneeling.
To him in want she had applied,
Had she refused she might have died,
She had the grit in court to speak,
When she exposed the cruel sneak.
Have been exposed some pious jays,
For just such crimes in modern days.
Of any class or any breed,
Records show clergy in the lead;
Men convicted, identified,
Five thousand cases specified.¹³⁹

Phares, Jarez, were the pair,
That came from Judah's kid affair.
To say the least one child was slick,
Who on the midwife played a trick;
Extended hand for fellowship,
But cute enough, gave her the slip.
She thot he'd be identified,
By red string on his hand she tied.¹⁴⁰
Hand of Phares, then withdrawn,
And Phares was the first to spawn.
Precocity in the unborn child,
Surely made the foetus wild.
Twins fought thru portals of their birth,
To make secure their daddy's worth.
Greed of daddies from conception,
Jake and Esau no exception.

¹³⁹ "Crimes of Preachers." Address, Truth Seeker,
62 Vesey St., New York.

¹⁴⁰ Gen. xxx: 7, 8.

Birthright was a great incentive,
Moul'd in embryo retentive.
Following Abe came Joshua,
Of his merits he'd much to say.
As one appointed by the Lord,
He fortified with prayer and sword.
No matter 'bout their peace pretense,
Their rule was war and pestilence.
For three long hours Josh stopt the sun,¹⁴¹
Until his bloody work was done.
Omnipotence taught him to slay,
Divine purpose lengthen'd day.
Men and women and ev'ry child,
Except women to be defil'd,
(For Jehovah seven were kept,
Amazing criminal precept.)
By men and God as they might please,
According to the Saducees.
Innocent maidens were polluted,
By the laws God instituted,
'Twas penned at God's instigation,
Hence it must be inspiration.
For him you can't prove alibi,
He sees it all from Sinai.
As long as you persist in claiming,
Those lustful saints were of his naming,
It's biblical tho quite unsound,
"Telling a lie that truth may abound."¹⁴²
It won't pass muster in this day,
According to a modern say.
"Being crafty I caught you in guile,"¹⁴³
God's admission, dare not smile.

¹⁴¹ Josh. x: 12.¹⁴² Rom. iii: 7.¹⁴³ Cor. ii.

"Oh Lord thou has deceived me." ¹⁴⁴
From one noted for prophesy.
"Man is become as one of us."
Devil's prediction,¹⁴⁵ sly old cuss.
"There is none other God but One." ¹⁴⁶
Ah where were then the Ghost and Son?
"Kill him with stones, he don't believe." ¹⁴⁷
That cost Christ's life for whom men grieve.
If that were glorious in Moses' days,
How much more glorious Christian ways?
To Moses' claim of unity,
Direct rebuke to Trinity.
Because he, Moses, God defamed,
A false prophet Christ was claimed.
"I have seen God face to face." ¹⁴⁸
When is lying a disgrace?
"No man hath seen God at any time" ¹⁴⁹
Knocks Moses' statement out of rhyme.
"No man can see God's face and live."
Yet ripe old age to Moses give.
No concern about predictions,
There're thousands contradictions.
Pay the minister to save your soul,
Then you accept it as a whole;
Flounder like a fish from water,
But on God's realm be "A Squatter."
That is what you're asked to do,
By ministers receiving you.
You read the bible of the past,

¹⁴⁴ Jer. xx: 7.

¹⁴⁵ Gen. iii: 22.

¹⁴⁶ John iv: 12.

¹⁴⁷ Deut. xxi: 18.

¹⁴⁸ Gen. xxxii: 30.

¹⁴⁹ John i: 18.

Compare it with the issue last,
Then exercise your common sense,
You'll not accept or make pretense, ,
Of a belief in such a spook,
A-hiding shield for ev'ry crook.
Who stood with Jake against Esau,
And played that trick with hairy paw.

Old Jacob was a cattle king,
He stamped their color¹⁵⁰ at the spring.
Jake was to have the streaked kind,
God's special law for him defined:—
Impressed females at conception,
Arrang'd strip'd poles for their inspection.
All streaked ones belonged to Jake,
The solid colored Labe must take.¹⁵¹
'Twas thus arranged by them in deal,
That neither had the right to squeal.
When dates were due the offspring came,
Sure Jacob bagged the best of game.
Jake seeking retaliation,
May have felt justification
For Rachel seven years¹⁵² he toiled,
And Laban fleeced him as he moiled.
Labe put his daughter Leah in bed,
With Jake instead of Rachel wed.
When daylight came mark Jake's surprise,
He could not believe his own two eyes;
Instead of Rachel Leah lay there;
Conclusive proof Labe was not square.
Enough to make Jake very sore,
When Labe demanded seven years more.¹⁵³

¹⁵⁰ Gen. xxx: 37.

¹⁵¹ Gen. xxiv: 34-43.

¹⁵² Gen. xxx: 20.

¹⁵³ Gen. xxx: 27.

Of servitude to get the one,
For which the previous work was done.
Jacob certainly had the grit,
Never knowing when to quit.
He worked the demanded seven years,
Planning theft of Laban's steers.
Marking poles to get the cattle,
Better far than go to battle.
As was the custom in those days,
When inspired in Godly ways.
God tackled Jacob for a tussle,
He found a tartar in a hustle.
He held God level all the night,¹⁵⁴
And when the sun came into sight,
Jake found a dislocated hip,
Resultant from a Godly Trip.
Jake surely had a head of steam,
To make it tight for one SUPREME.
If you'll accept Great God's report,
He outclass'd Jacob as a sport.
Jake had practice, 'tis well to know.
Read his history in embryo.¹⁵⁵
About the birthright of their pap,
When he and Esau had the scrap.
Twin's Mother, sought her God to see,
While suffering in maternity;
Asked why thus she was afflicted?
Two warring nations¹⁵⁶ God predicted.
Esau and Jake were lovely twins,
Fighting before they stood on pins.
The scrap began before their birth,
Concerning which should rule the earth.

¹⁵⁴ Gen. xxxiii: 24.

¹⁵⁵ Gen. xxv: 22.

¹⁵⁶ Gen. xxxii: 22-25.

Because of Esau's growth of hair,
Was best prepared for open air.
When Esau sought the outside life,
'Tis stated by the good midwife,
That Jake grabbed Esau by the heel,¹⁵⁷
And tried to make his brother squeal.
He held him tight to keep him in,
But in that contest failed to win.
When Esau made his debut,
His color was a scarlet hue.
Whether 'twas anger caused that flush,
Or shame faced he was bound to blush.
Holy Writ does not inform us,
Hence will drop it without fuss.
Yet God of sparrows¹⁵⁸ keeps account,
And hairs on head exact amount.
Jake God loved¹⁵⁹ but Esau hated,
So it is divinely stated.
Before they saw the light of day,
God's love and hate were there to stay.
'Bout their birth neither consulted,
Yet one was welcom'd, one insulted.
"God moves in a mysterious way,"
His friends to favor, foes to slay.
"Just Laws founded on the bible"
Could there be a greater libel?
It is against our Declaration
Of Independence of this Nation.
Equal rights of Jake and Esau,
Would be a burlesque on our law.
God was with Dave in all he did.
Dare put Dave's rot in Law book's lid.

¹⁵⁷ Gen. xxv: 25, 26.

¹⁵⁸ Matt. x: 30.

¹⁵⁹ Matt. i: 30.

Enforced statutes of this day,
He'd be hung or in prison stay.
Get in touch with the Messiah,
Read about Dave and Uriah.
Side by side as it is related,
Dave and God were always slated.
Gave inspiration Jacob's grip,
He never let but one thing slip:—
Isaac's birthright in his mind,
He failed to keep Esau behind.
He filched it tho in later years,
Causing Esau bitter tears.
Jake, favorite of God¹⁶⁰ and Mother,
Stole it from a loving brother.
Then he pilfered Esau's blessing,
By deceptively caressing
An aged father who was blind,
To whom Esau was ever kind.
Jake and mother in collusion,
Robbed the father by delusion.¹⁶¹
Of a blessing he intended,
For son on whom he depended.
Esau being a hairy man,
Jake and mother devised a plan.
God concurring, always with Jake,
In all his crimes in lust and take.
Disguising the deceptive brute,
By dressing him in Esau's suit;
Goat skins were made to furnish hair,
On Jacob's hands and neck so bare.
To nourish father, give him cheer,
Esau was absent hunting deer;
Opportune time for treacherous act,

¹⁶⁰ Gen. xxvii.

¹⁶¹ Gen. xxviii: 15.

God, Mother and Jake's secret pact,
Fearing Jake, caused Isaac's doubt,
Fixed time for treachery came about,
Ike asked him first to give his name,¹⁶²
Then Jacob lied to win the game,
Esau then was the name he gave,
The blessing for himself to save.
But when Jake's hand Ike took to shake,
He had suspicions 'twas the fake.
'Twas "Jacob's voice" but Esau's hand,
Deception won as it was planned.
That hypocrite by professing,
Then secured his father's blessing.
Repeated crimes of thieving Jake,
Incited Esau arms to take.
Cowering Jake, on field of battle,
Offered Esau stolen cattle.
His proposition compromise,
For all his thefts and all his lies.
But noble Esau would not look
Upon the offering of the crook.
But fell upon his neck and wept,
The cattle thief and liar kept,
Streaked ones, from father-in-law,
As well as birthright of Esau.
In candor, now which would you take,
The word of Esau or lying Jake?
"Jake God loved but Esau hated."¹⁶³
Rogues by God were always slated.
Take all his favorites near and far,
With them that choice was on a par.
Old tyrant Jake abused his spouse,
And raised a racket in his house,

¹⁶² Gen. xxvii: 2.¹⁶³ Rom. ix: 13.

Because she failed to propagate,
From him disgusting reprobate.
Penalty of polygamy,
Frequent effect, impotency.
Wife's barrenness was Abe's defense,
When guilty of the same offence.
No one knows how many Jake had,
Zilpah's offspring was named Gad.
Suggestive name from his habit,
He of instincts of the rabbit.
Prov'd—Jehovah great physician,
Wondrous power, as obstetrician.
Upon old Jacob had compassion,
Leah, Rachel came in fashion.
Both bore children in quick order,
Then old Laban cross'd the border;
Agreed with Jake to meet half way,
And compromise their unfair play.
Labe promised Jake all he desired,
The strongest sheep and cattle sired.
When rogues fall out, 'tis often said,
Honest men have naught to dread.
When two like them would double team,
You might get milk but never cream.
Abram, Isaac, Ike and Joe,
Each had wives in breeding slow.
Jehovah, noted accoucheur,
Showed great skill, each had an heir.
Barrenness' remedy, a lost art,
Not revealed by "Sacred Heart."
Margaret Sanger laid in jail,
For suggestions on that trail.
All her books were confiscated,
And she with crim'nals, slated.
Consigned her books to extinction,

A difference without distinction.
One is author of "Holy Writ,"
Courts decide her books unfit.
She sought relief for minds distress'd,
No thot like that Jake's mind possess'd.
Sons of Jake were fiends incarnate,
The darkest crimes they would placate.
Perpetuating Jake's foul name,
For daughter's acts¹⁶⁴ he was to blame.
His progeny, degenerate mess,
Whom God promised he would bless.
Were blessings due Jake who can sin.
No wonder the Devil wears a grin.
Mose, Josh, Abe, Ike, Jake, Dave, Joe,
Were seven culprits in a row.
If such crooks be God's selection,
Save the world from such collection.
Name one crime to be committed,
That this gang has not admitted.

'Tis certain Joseph¹⁶⁵ lacked the sand,
Leaving his mantle in her hand.
She failed to hold the fleet Arab,
This is the tale that Joseph told,
Potiphar's wife did not so hold;
She claim'd she scream'd, and Joseph fled,
When Joe by force defiled her bed.
Foregone conclusion, Joe's the liar,
If he partook of traits of sire.
Upon the evidence as then shown,
Was lustful Joe in prison thrown.
Later by Pharaoh he was repriev'd,
In sympathy for Jake aggrieved.

¹⁶⁴ II Sam. xiii: 5-20.

¹⁶⁵ Gen. xxx: 7-23.

There may have been an obscure cause
For clemency—Stop and pause,
With wife a sister in the plot,
Consider cattle Jacob got.
Make application of this pun—
Takes a wise man to know his son.
Clearly shown in books of Jew,
Thieves and liars God's chosen few.
Written by Good God's dictation,
To fix mankind's destination.
Every affliction known to man,
Was authorized by Moses' ban.
For non-acceptance of his creeds,
Enforced by God's heinous deeds.
Read Deuteronomy twenty-eight,
No demon could show greater hate.
Than in that chapter so defined,
Curses imposed upon mankind.
Then after earthly punishment,
To hell the unbeliever's sent.
Than duplicate the Moses curse,
No demon from hell could do worse.
By many murderers of old,
About God's love you have been told.
Who for man's blood secur'd chattels,
Lands and maidens in their battles.
Even in heaven once a saint,
Satan, snow white, devoid of taint,
But now keeper of man's soul,
Down in a burning brimstone hole.
Where imps with harpoons sinners turn,
In molten lake forever burn;
God punishment for heresy,
Throughout all eternity.

If you have justice, think of man,
Who would in mind mature a plan,
For a device his work to do,—
Crooked pistons, leave out a screw,
Minus cogs, power deficient,
Damn it 'cause it's inefficient.
Then jump upon his own machine,
Curse it for what it might have been.
This did the God of patriarch,
To whom saints ask mankind to hark.
Idler, Jehovah for eons past,
Resolved to go to work at last;
Out of nothing created all
In space, as well as this small ball,
Use the stamp of God's perfection,
Endless torture for objection,
To such botched up document,
That's claim'd by saints from heaven sent.
Then after six hard days of toil,
Permit his cast out angel spoil
Every plan of his creation,
Driving men to desperation;
Now that Dragon empowered to dwell
Upon this earth, or in his hell;
Disputing ever God's possession,
He permitting his obsession.
Great God and Devil in a sweat,
In former days, opponents met.
When the Devil made invasions,
God was called on such occasions.
The Jews to own each inch of space,
God's title was for that blest race.
Then all real toilers of the world,
Into eternity were hurled.
Abe's Jews numerous as grains of sand,

Each grain a Jew, where would he stand?
Add all that crew to stars above
The promist host of God of love.
All the land from that "Great Spirit."
After death Jews would inherit.

Steal from the toiler tho he sweats,
Keep him submissive with God's threats.
Grab all you can, hold all things fast,
Unpard'ning sin, thing of the past.
Sit up in choir, sing with vim,
The all inspiring, lovely hymn:—
"Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe."
My sins tho black, now white as snow.
Also (sing) "Long as the lamp hold out to
burn,
The vilest sinner may return."
That Sacred Song to Satan grants
Thru "Pearly Gates" another chance.
Should he accept the invitation,
Tender God his resignation,
And abdicate his "Hell Fire" throne;
Say goodbye imps I must be gone.
Who would kindle the fires of Hell,
Perpetuate that brimstone smell?
Would some imp be delegated,
After Satan's reinstated?
As God was once fooled by "Old Nick"
He might again repeat the trick.
By yawping preachers you've been told,
You may do wrong, 'till you grow old,
Then ask Great God to square the book,
At once you'll like an angel look.
All good deeds no recompense,¹⁶⁶

¹⁶⁶ James ii: 10.

If you should die with least offense.
In Good God's fire prepared for you,
In endless torment you will stew.
All those plagues in Egypt sent,
To torture those who'd not repent.

'Tis nature for an ass to bray,
And likely for some men to pray;
Quite common for an ass to balk.
At God's request one ass did talk
With an angel on public way,
When Balaam car'd much to delay.
Heedless ass was of the master,
Using lash to force it past her.
Submissively ass took the rod,
To serve "The True and Living God."
Without a hope that ass must die,
While old Blind Balaam soars on high.

Swarms of locusts¹⁶⁷ at God's command,
Devoured the crops in all the land.
The foxes thru the wheat fields hied,
And fire-brands to their tails¹⁶⁸ were tied.
Destroying all the crop of wheat,
So God's enemies couldn't eat.
Why not have kill'd that wheat with blight,
And saved the fox from sorry plight?
Humane societies in this time
Would make arrests for such a crime.
Upheavals from the earth below,
Seas and rivers of blood¹⁶⁹ did flow.
No water then was fit to drink,

¹⁶⁷ Ex. ix: 10.

¹⁶⁸ Judges xv: 4.

¹⁶⁹ Ex. vii: 20.

The putrid dead made it all stink.
God's voice in thunder¹⁷⁰ oft would crash,
His eyes in vivid lightning flash.
Destroyed with pestilence and flame,
All who dared his word defame.
Is it not strange war stalks the land,
With forces all at God's command?
If righteousness is what he seeks,
'Tis strange the world with vengeance reeks.
With power to heal and power to curse,¹⁷¹
Could demon use his influence worse?
Than fill a world with woe and want,
With naked children, ghast and gaunt.
While profiteers with God allied,
Stand pulpiteers side by side;
Making sure each their collection,
Maiming, killing for subjection,
Of those who seek "A great First Cause,"
Your God is but a mental pause,
Embraced by dupes in their desire,
To escape your devil's fire.
Designing scoundrels built that fire,
Upon knowledge of man's desire,
To perpetuate existence,
For the loved ones, death's resistance.

On math'matics you can rely,
Resultant truths can never die.
Apply it to the planet's fields,
Astronomy great truth reveals.
Compare our knowledge in this day
By what was taught by those who'd pray,

¹⁷⁰ Job xxxvii: 5, etc.

¹⁷¹ Deut. xxxii: 39.

For information gave by Mose
Who promised all to "Turned up Toes."

Noah's family a filthy crew,
If modern medicine is true,
For preservation of microbes,
All his glands and all his lobes,
Infected and inhabited,
By all bacteria people dread.
Experiments do demonstrate,
That instant death is the sure fate,
Of parasites of loathed disease,
When separate from the he's and she's.
No beast exists that God can't train,
As *Champion Trainer* he will reign.
On land and sea, beneath, within,
Each volunteered to fight sin.
The swiftest birds¹⁷² that fly the air,
The fiercest animals in their lair,
God's voice alone could call them out,
To help his saints the Devil rout.
Hagenbach's not in the game,
Amongst the creatures God could tame.
Ravens¹⁷³ he called to carry bread,
Upon which Saint Elijah fed.
A gentle, cooing turtle dove,¹⁷⁴
A flying machine for ghost above.
Another timid creature flew,
From out the ark¹⁷⁵ for Noah's crew;
It soared around no place to light,
All else but water out of sight.

¹⁷² Isa. ii: 11.

¹⁷³ I Kings xvii: 6.

¹⁷⁴ Matt. iii: 17.

¹⁷⁵ Gen. viii: 9.

Back it came to show the blest,
For seven days more in ark they'd rest.
One week later it left the brig,
That day returned with olive twig.
So Noah that day let her fly,
And did not take her in the dry.
Noah of water was still afraid,
With his own eye inspection made.
"Behold the face of the earth was dry," ¹⁷⁶
And from that ark all birds did fly.

Hungry dogs licked Lazarus' sores,¹⁷⁷
Putrescence oozed from all his pores.
For pleasures he was forced to wait,
'Till Peter passed him thru the gate.
Dives got his comforts in this world,
Then into hell by God was hurled.
As neither one of them returned,
'Tis mere conjecture which was burned.
"Who in the Devil" knows Dives' lot?
They might know here of what he got.
He got his all before his death,
Blessings for paupers after breath.

Vicious lions¹⁷⁸ would not bite
The tender flesh of Israelite,
But quick as thot ground others' bones,
Regardless of their dying groans.
A fiery furnace refus'd to burn,
Three Hebrew Children,¹⁷⁹ you'll discern.
But those with God, not in accord,

¹⁷⁶ Gen. viii: 19.

¹⁷⁷ Luke xvi: 21.

¹⁷⁸ Heb. xi: 33.

¹⁷⁹ Dan. iii: 27.

Went up in smoke, 'tis of record.
A ram in thorn bush hung his head,
To die for God in Ikey's stead.
A great fish¹⁸⁰ answered to God's call,
And swallowed Jonah, clothes and all.
Frogs¹⁸¹ in palaces hopped about,
And put the nobility to rout;
They jumped into their trays of dough
And kneaded it with every toe.
God's lice¹⁸² invaded every home,
And crawled from basement up to dome.
Myriads of millions pesky flies,¹⁸³
Pursued Pharoah and his allies;
To chew the flesh of children¹⁸⁴ sweet,
God gave two bears a gen'rous treat.
By order of their "Holy King,"
His hornets knew just where to sting
To help Jehovah in his fight,
His venomous snakes knew whom to bite;
A "Grievous" murrain to cattle came
And kill'd them all, Jehovah's shame;
Except those which belonged to Jew,
All were left their cud to chew.
And Moses' rod brot locust swarms,¹⁸⁵
Consuming all on Pharoah's farms.
Then drove the locusts in the sea
To let them drown for Deity.
He fed his foes on viscera,
With bitter herbs¹⁸⁶ to make a tea.

¹⁸⁰ Jon. i: 17.

¹⁸¹ Ex. viii: 2.

¹⁸² Ex. vii: 17.

¹⁸³ Ex. vii: 21.

¹⁸⁴ II Kings ii: 24.

¹⁸⁵ Ex. x: 12.

¹⁸⁶ Ex. xii: 8.

The blood was spattered on their house,
To show 'twas same God brot the louse.
Innocent children under two,
Were murdered¹⁸⁷ by the God of Jew.
In every house you'd find the dead
To prove that God meant what he said.
For birth control, God then made order,
None but boys should cross the border.
Clouds by day and fire by night,
Put Pharoah's army in bad plight.
The clouds obeyed so did the fire,
Evidence of Jehovah's ire.
To spread disease at God's command,
The microbes came from every land.
A herd of hogs jumped in the seas,
To drown the Devils, not the fleas.
The microbes entered poor old Job,
And gave him hell, when he'd disrobe.
Swarms of locusts eclipsed the sun,
Determined that "God's will be Done."
Wind and flames obedient were,
To Jehovah no matter where.

A rooster crowed when off his roost,
To give God's prophet a stiff boost.
Flames would not singe a Jewish hair,
Nor lions hurt them in their lair;
Ass with an angel held converse,
By God's instructions 'twas perverse;
Gave strength to hairs in Samson's head,
To number thousands with the dead;
Gave venomous power to a stick,
To slay by thousands, heal the sick;

¹⁸⁷ Ex. xii: 15, 29, 30.

Gave to the Dragon a huge tail,¹⁸⁸
That dragged the planets in its trail,
From Heaven to earth in its descent,
By order of the Omnipotent.
Appendage must have grown in flight,
Or 'twould have been used in Heaven's fight.
Presto, change water to blood,
Back again to make a flood.
Put Devils in men to make them sick,
On confession, remov'd them quick.
Healing power, stopping the sun,
Jerry got well, no boil to run;
Piercing a rock as dry as bone,
Water flowed out for every one;
For all diseases, acute or chronic,
The saints all had a ready tonic.
You make the gifts, let them receive,
One essential—you must believe.
Keep them ever on the pay-roll
In heaven they'd land your living soul,
Satan, the Devil, is immune,
Merry and "Happy as a Coon."
He has no fear of lice nor snakes,
He understands religious fakes;
From sorrow free from all disease,
No one has ever heard him sneeze.
Changes of weather ne'er hurt him,
Vigorous, snappy, full of vim.
The Devil never has a voice,
The fate of men is God's own choice.
If God is grieved by acts of men
He casts them in the Devil's den.
God claims the credit of creation,

¹⁸⁸ Rev. xii: 4.

Also power¹⁸⁹ of salvation.
Power to kill and power to damn,
Not the Devil's, God's program.
Mark, Reader, be on the level,
Who is to blame—God or Devil?

Fain would Pharaoh make confession,
But Jehovah sought oppression.
He sought in vain to rectify,
His sins with God who roosts on high,
But his heart by God was hardened,¹⁹⁰
Barring him from from being pardoned;
His neck made stiff it would not bend,
God had decided on his end.
Notwithstanding Moses' pleas,
With God's promise of release.
Stop, Think, Reason, Honor Bright,
Puts this God not in sorry plight?
To blame the Devil whom God made,
For following plans His Maker laid?
To solve these questions, billions tried,
And millions have in bedlams died,
In their efforts to reconcile,
That Great God was free from guile.
Reason dethroned by Deity,
It is defined a mystery.
Miracles are laws suspended,
With finite mind, question's ended,
You'll hear the rattle of fools' heads,
Attempting things that wise man dreads.
With firm belief that they'd be blest,
Because of youth with God they'd rest,

¹⁸⁹ Deut. xxxii: 39.

¹⁹⁰ Ex. x: 1 to 20; xi: 9.

Fondest parents with good intent,
Have killed their own, most innocent.

It is the wisest thing to do,
If orthodoxy should be true,
To strangle every living child,
Before by age it is beguiled.
Parents then can go to heaven
By having sins all forgiven;
"Altho your sins as scarlet be,"
You can be blest eternally.
Can Justice, Right and reason true,
Palm such atrocities on you?
As coming from a God benign,
Who stands for TRUTH and Love Divine?
The Devil is a great scare-crow,
With no existence, well rogues know,
Who preach such stuff despite results,
Unbiased intellect insults.
To man-made God that will endure,
No reasoning mind will e'er enure.
"He's like the Borealis Light,
Just one slight glimpse, then out of sight."
Religions make the mind a blank,
Compelling you to walk a plank,
Over a yawning deep abyss.
Below you'll hear the serpents hiss;
The fear of falling in that pit,
Oft causes a cataleptic fit.
Hence see the vacancy of mind,
Of hapless subjects rendered blind;
Hear heart-rending cries of grief,
Imploring God to send relief,
From an imaginary foe,
Consigning souls to endless woe.

It is a most disgraceful scene,
To gaze upon a face serene,
Whose victim suffers in the toils,
And know the culprit's after spoils.
As water on the hill-sides run,
A groove is cut, the work's begun,
It carries rain that should refresh
The fertile soil for all earth's flesh;
In that channel no resistance,
Widening, washing earth's best substance,
Carrying debris down below,
Destructive in its overflow;
Covering soil that is productive,
Like delusion'd mind, seductive.
It's cash in hand for grafters' gain;
Net results, a poisoned brain.
That ne'er will let the TRUTH combat
The errors of a theocrat.

Any part of the tainted meat
"When animals die ye shall not eat."
But if a stranger¹⁹¹ should come in,
Feed it to him, 'twill be no sin.
In sight of God, 'tis no mistake,
Usury from strangers take;
These God's laws, by Moses penned,
With Inspiration to defend.
At any time Moses desir'd,
Got helping hand from the Inspired.
According as the Lord thot best,
Jehovah came or sent a guest,
Who'd help Mose slay or help him bless,
Provide him food or cause distress.
Exemplifying every hour,

¹⁹¹ Deut. xiv: 21.

Meek Moses ¹⁹² had unbounded power,
God showed his face and his behind,
Mose was immune, he ne'er went blind.
To other men such glares of light,
Weaken'd their knees, or lost their sight,
God's miracles in days of yore,
Would take a life then life restore.
Forty-two children¹⁹³ in their glee,
Guyed Elijah thoughtlessly,
By telling "Bald Head" up to go,
Which he did if the Bible's so.
This angered God to such extent,
His two she bears the children rent.
As to sex He was specific,
Males might have been more pacific.
It's likely they were mamma bears,
Providing for family affairs;
Hunger with them is more intense,
A more excusable offence.
Some mothers of the present day,
Frighten children when at play
Making believe that God on High,
Kill'd innocents for that old Guy..
Same Elijah¹⁹⁴ by ravens fed,
'Tis claimed he never did go dead,
Ascended in a rig of fire.
Believe Saint John,¹⁹⁵ he was a liar.
Water to wine was turned for saints,
Who drank all night without complaints,
But is said, it lacked the kick,
Tho Christ's last sample had the lick.

¹⁹² Ex. xxxiii: 21-23.

¹⁹³ II Kings xi: 24.

¹⁹⁴ I Kings xvii: 6.

¹⁹⁵ John iii: 13.

Apologetic to say the least,
"Best of wine for last of the feast."
God is unchangeable, they say,
Prohibition now has sway,
By substitution of grape juice,
The church hangs out the flag of truce.
Was recommended by a fake,
"A little wine for the stomach's sake."
Up for approval it appears,¹⁹⁶
Where Paul's writing three hundred years
Before the church would take them in,
As antidote for any sin.
What would Christ Jesus say to-day,
When the wine-bibbers have no say?
'Twas he who gave his blood in wine,
And body in a Crust Divine.
His foll'wers questioned how't could be
As he stood there quite plain to see.
They all departed mystified,
Few thot 'twas true, some thot he lied.

Of wisdom Solomon had a chunk,
'Twas his advice, to go get drunk.¹⁹⁷
With wine and women Sol was gay,
At least that's what his proverbs say.
No man on earth of whom 'tis heard,
That had less chance for the last word..
Sol might have coped with mothers-in-law,
With Dan's control of the lion's jaw.
Seven hundred wives with him God joined,
Besides the ladies he purloined.

¹⁹⁶ I Tim. v: 23.

¹⁹⁷ Prov. xxxi: 5-7.

Great lion's jaws Saint Daniel¹⁹⁸ locked,
When in their den Neb. had him sock'd.
His accusers fared not so well,
The lions "Tore them all to hell."
Men, women, children were cast in,
The way they crunch'd them look'd like sin.
"Suffer little children¹⁹⁹ to come."
Cast them in with animals dumb;
Grind their tiny bones to powder,
While elect sing, "Praise God" louder.
Some of those saints were truly game,
Dan feared not lions, Hebrews flame.²⁰⁰
Shadrach, Meschac and A-bed-ne-go,
Were cast in furnace all aglow,
Heated up seven times hotter,
Shaking hot-box 'till did totter.
'Tis writ that not one hair did singe,
Nor did those Hebrews even cringe.
Just how their bodies and their clothes,
Remained unscorched, "God only knows."
Dare you utter one word of doubt,
You'll raise the ire of saintly scout.
"The Son of God"²⁰¹ went in that fire,
And stood up for his potent sire;
On red-hot coals to prove to them,
His worthiness of Diadem.
A Son of God, what was his name?
Maternal lines were not the same,
Where can be found his family tree,
Saint Matthew gives Christ's pedigree.
Required rule of ten straight crosses,²⁰²

¹⁹⁸ Dan. vi: 22.

¹⁹⁹ Matt. ix: 14.

²⁰⁰ Dan. iii: 7.

²⁰¹ Dan. iii: 25.

²⁰² Deut. xxiii: 2.

May result in many losses,
Of Sons of God kept out of bliss,
Perchance their mother too, was miss.
Like unto birds of a feather,
Sons of God should stand together.
With a thief on either side,
A half-brother on Calv'ry died.
Where were they at crucifixion?
Was that outside their jurisdiction.
Why should they live, half-brothers die,
Answer You—God of Sinai.
Please explain this Sacred lore,
You met Moses in days of yore.
Those mentioned two, not only ones,
What was mission of other sons?
They with the Devil²⁰³ chased about,
Long after he and God fell out.
A record of your hair²⁰⁴ God keeps,
But not of heirs of his that sleeps.
God's e'en at home on cut of gowns,²⁰⁵
Don't meet these queries with your frowns.
God watch'd pursuit of Pharaoh's fly,
And knows where all the sparrows lie.
Then why not some answers give us,
Of the brothers of Christ Jesus.
Clergy asserts they will explain,
Why from questions should we refrain.

Nebuchadnezzar the king of the Jews,
Surely had a case of blues,
When grazing on that real-estate,
Due to blue grass that he ate.

²⁰³ Job i: 6.

²⁰⁴ Matt. x: 30.

²⁰⁵ Ex. xxxi.

For five long years he fed on grass,²⁰⁶
Herded with the bovine class.
Ninety feet long and nine feet square,²⁰⁷
Neb's chunk of gold in size compare,
With how much you expect to get,
In taking toll from those who sweat?
Profiteers from this take warning,
Flee from wrath of those who're mourning,
In poverty and destitution,
By your grab-game institution.
You like Neb. may be fed on grass²⁰⁸
Or graze on thistles like the ass;
And like old Neb have bird claw nails,
With hair like eagle feather'd tails,
As God deserted prominent Jew,
He might do so to "Likes of you."
Don't bank on wealth to get you clear,
You might be herded like a steer.
Remember Dives and Lazarus,
Dives in hell to rave and cuss,
Lazarus floats on golden wings,
E'er drinking from the "Crystal Springs."

Samson had both strength and fleetness,
Modest Mose was filled with meekness;
Three hundred foxes Samson²⁰⁹ caught,
Tied fire-brands with strings drawn taut,
Headed them for the fields of wheat,
To burn the crops in their retreat,
Of Philistines who'd have their say,
About the God to whom they'd pray.

²⁰⁶ Dan. iii: 2.

²⁰⁷ Dan. iii: 1.

²⁰⁸ Dan. iii: 23.

²⁰⁹ Judges v: 4.

Strength and cunning was no defense,
In animals 'gainst Samp's prepense.
The fire-brands to their tails were tied,
And motor power from Heav'n applied.
Destruction of the crops complete,
Leaving Philistines naught to eat.
One less miracle they'd have seen,
Had foxes insubordinate been.
Samp, with the "jaw bone of an ass,"
Slayed Philistines in a mass;
One thousand, one day "Bit the dust."
Because in God Samp put his trust.
Upsetting buildings his delight,
For God of Israel he could fight.
As tho his wife he never feared,
In God's command he volunteer'd.
Wife Delilah, a Philistine,
Her love for kindred soon was seen,
Affection for her kith and kin,
It was so strong she waded in;
For her husband she set a snare,
His strength departed²¹⁰ with his hair.
His power was in his flowing locks,
She surely "Put him on the rocks."
Outwitting God and Samson, too,
Including armies of the Jew.
The Devil let strong Samson nap,
To be caught in Delilah's trap.
No such man e'er lived on earth,
None in battle of equal worth.
You'd think that God or his divines,
Would sav'd him from the Philistines.
Did Samp recite that little prayer;
That guarantees a home up there:—

²¹⁰ Judges xvi: 16.

'Tis: "Now I lay me down to sleep."
If so he woke up feeling cheap,
With strength all gone, but will pow'r good,
Beneath that temple where he stood.
But now alas, he's bound to pass,
In his'try with that bone of ass.
That temple fell upon his frame,
He is no more except in name.
Another friend of God was shorn,
Phillies rejoic'd, Israelites mourn.

God rescued others you will see,
"No respecter of persons²¹¹ he."
When life for Jonah he did wish,
He call'd from depths a great big fish;²¹²
Tucked him in its dinner basket,
And let poor Samson fill a casket,
One went off in anger pouted,
The other for God, ever shouted.
A fearful tempest on the sea,
Was order'd by the Deity,
Caus'd by sins of that stubborn man,
Who interfered with "Good God's" plan.
Sailors drew cuts to find the one,
For which that dang'rous storm begun.
Intent to give him watery grave,
Cuts found Jonah the guilty knave.
Thrown in the water, calm restor'd;
All rejoiced he was overboard.
God's great fish was on the job,
It gulped him down, saved from the mob.
It was in accordance with God's decree,
He should not perish in the sea.

²¹¹ Acts x: 34.

²¹² Jonah i: 7-17.

That whale was different from his class,
It had a throat that let him pass.
For three long days and three long nights,
In total darkness without lights.
There Jonah stay'd to sleep and nod,
Out of sight of his true God.
How he felt no one can tell;
From his description it was hell.
God put a compass in the fish,
Straight for Nineveh its tail did swish.
Just six thousand miles each day,
That mammoth fish sped on its way,
Without the danger of a crash,
Beats aero records all to smash.
No aeroplane nor water ship,
Was ever known to have such clip.
By friction from that massive whale,
'Twould boil all fishes in its trail.
As lightning sets a tree on fire,
All in its course did sure expire.
At Nineveh, took the belly-ache,
And out it spewed that crooked fake.

Upon dry land, that thrifty Jew
Told the Ninnies what to do:—
Repentance made God's head to bow,
More time to them did he avow;
His threats of death were taken back,
When men and beasts all don'd the black.
Ashes, too, were sprinkled there,
Mixed with Ninnies' humble prayer.
Jonah learn'd that God repented,
He skulked away discontented,
Imploring God to take his breath,

Like hypocrite he prayed for death.²¹³
He sat out in the desert sand,
There awaiting God's command.
And while his mind to Heaven soared,
The Lord prepared for him a gourd,
To shadow that bloodthirsty Jew
Who sought the Ninivites to stew,
As God can't change his mind²¹⁴ you know,
Decided not to let gourds grow.
He then called up his little worm,²¹⁵
Which cannot in the desert squirm,
To eat gourd's root, make it decay,
Agreed by God and worm that day.
Instinct could not have play'd that part,
'Twas the decree of "Sacred Heart."
That left the rascal in the sun,
And here the book of Jonah's done.
It may have been whale's gastric juice,
That soured Jonah 'gainst a truce
Between his Lord and Ninivite,
Against whom that Hebrew had a spite.
Perhaps he hoped to get the wealth,
Of Ninivites by Jewish stealth.
By the same method Joshua did,
In killing every man and kid.
Sprinkling ashes, dresses black,
Saved the Ninivites from a quack.
With the dupes who'd seek compassion,
Mourning then was quite a fashion.
In finding new affinities,
For cast-off old divinities.

²¹³ Jonah iv: 9.

²¹⁴ Matt. iii: 6.

²¹⁵ Jonah iv: 17.

Black is used e'en in this day,
By some who'd strive to pave the way.

Some women worship at man's shrine,
Hence thot they Solomon divine.
Solomon was the wiest one,
That ever lived beneath the sun.
In lines like Christ's of Calvary,
Paternal sires in pedigree.
Christ's mother was of Afric birth,
From Ethiopia Sol got worth;
Thru Queen of Sheba black as coal,
In wealth and jewels rare did roll.
She left her man to go with Sol,²¹⁶
And what she said was fol-de-rol;
About the half not being told,
Of his wisdom she extoll'd.
Perchance it was Sol's glittering gold,
That brot fast women to his fold.
Similar to the New York girls,
When titles set their brains in whirls.
Illgotten gains of their daddies,
Catch the dukes and shiftless laddies.

Mother of Sol Uriah's wife,
Her beauty cost her husband's life.
When brave on battle fields he led,
The lust of David kill'd him dead.
King David's order, send him front,
Withdraw the troops, give him the brunt.
As Dave desired Uriah was slain,
His beautiful wife was David's gain.
He watched her when she took a bath²¹⁷

²¹⁶ I Kings x: 7.

²¹⁷ I Sam. ii: 2.

As spoils belong to him that hath,²¹⁸
Possession was the aftermath,
Which did not excite Jehovah's wrath.
Merely murder'd one little child,
Just a trifle—punishment mild.
'Cause out of wedlock child was born,
"Wind he tempers to, lamb that's shorn."²¹⁹
To him was brot the lady love,
Doubtless call'd her "Turtle Dove."
Whether she came by her consent,
Or by force she dar'n't resent,
None now know, nor never will,
But to Uriah 'twas bitter pill.
Fearing exposure of his crime,
Dave gave Uriah furlough time;
But true to his comrades in the field,
Despite temptation he would not yield.
Into his house²²⁰ he would not go,
Tho David had determined so.
More time granted to Uriah,
Aiding chieftain of Messiah,
To cover up Dave's lustful work,
That he so basely sought to shirk.
Uriah true to comrades dear.
Lay on his steps, would not go near.
To that dear wife he loved so well,
Who had been soiled by imp of h—(eaven)
As libertine Dave had no equal,²²¹
Read "God's Good Book." See the sequel.
Why should not all the women yield,
When sons of God were in the field?

²¹⁸ Luke xx: 26.

²¹⁹ II Sam. xii: 24.

²²⁰ II Sam. ix: 9.

²²¹ II Sam. xx: 3.

If that religion's based on facts,
There'd be no crime in God's son's acts.
Murder, rapine, arson stained
Every month that David reigned.
He kept alive his lustful fire,
Until the day he did expire.
Desire still there, performance gone,
Despite this fact to heaven he's gone.
His criminal his'try every page,
Reflects the lowest moral gauge.

Congratulations to "Old Nick"
No friend of his indulged such trick.
Without a censorship o'er you,
Read the Bible, read it through.
Uriah's wife, was only one,
Of the many by Dave undone.
"Ruling passion strongest in death,"
Maidens were sought²²² at his last breath.
"All is vanity and vexation—"
This Dave's death bed declaration.
Down with his fathers David sleeps,
O'er his demise no true man weeps.
"Yes we will meet each other there,"
You will hear in song and prayer.
Should Dave meet the men he's kill'd,
Would his heart with joy be fill'd?
If his victim's down in hell,
Dare he say, "Thou hast done well?"
When we think of Dave's allies,
Why should we express surprise;—
"Lord was with Dave—in all he did."²²³
See words of God within the lid.

²²² I Kings i: 2.

²²³ I Kings iii: 14.

Around which such memories twine,
In that "Holy Book Divine."
God to punish Dave's murd'rous deed,
Kill'd the first of his foul breed.
Dave profess'd to be forlorn,²²⁴
When death came to that infant born.
He wept and wailed, and washed his face,
Then emerged from his disgrace.
Lamentations changed to mirth,
Solomon was the next of birth.
Like begets like, and Sol like Dave,
Beautiful women made him rave.
Nuptial blessings not in shines,
With seven hundred concubines,
Who brot him no mothers-in-law,
Who'd jeer and taunt him with their jaw.
By his wish two brothers died,
His other crim's fratricide.
From David's oldest living son,
By murder Sol's crown was won.
When Father Time hit him a welt,
Before his God in pray'r he knelt,
With senile mind, and body bent,
Then he became most penitent.
Age is best of all reformers,
Proven so by such performers.
Are shown by records to have lied,
All hypocrites, claim'd sanctified.
If fertile power's in filthy stuff,
"In God's Book" there's quite enough,
To smear men from head to heel,
And make them murder, lie and steal,
If you'd follow saint's example
Find on every page a sample.

²²⁴ II Sam. ii: 15.

With every crime you'd be acquaint,
If you will keep in view the saint,
History does not name a war,
That "Pious Punks" did not stand for.
God's ordained were up in arms,
Vociferous in war alarms;
When the sound of guns you hear,
They are safe back in the rear;
Secure behind the barricade,
Beyond the danger of a raid.
When wielded in Name of God,
'Twas glorious chastening rod.
"Obedient to masters²²⁵ be."
Was Deistic euphony.
Conference notes of every church,
Mark'd with crime's indelible smirch;
No crime so great, but they'd condone,
With upcast optics, hearts of stone.
If perpetrated in God's name,
It gave the guilty lasting fame.
Contribute coin to mission plate,
Your ev'ry crime they will placate,
Provided that it is kept hid,
From those who'd dare to raise the lid.
If truly taught in brotherhood,
There are honest dupes who'd be good.
Subservient to that subtle power,
That was enforc'd in childhood's hour;
They dared not think thru fear of hell,
Like a chick 'till it breaks it shell.
Credulity has clos'd their eyes,
They will keep shut 'till they grow wise.

²²⁵ Eph. vi: 6.

Philosophers are never heard,
By expounders of "God's Word."
They have stop'd the key-hole, barr'd the
door,

Wherever clergy's gone before.
Every avenue of advance,
Where's a blockade there's no chance.
Exposure of clergy's disguise,
The quickest way to make dupes wise.
Grant them legislative power,
Liberty is lost from that hour.
All the talk 'bout god and devil,
Has its source in Good and Evil.
A state of mind pure and simple,
One's a blotch, one's beauty's dimple.
Is Sacredness if you'd watch the trail,
Naught but serpents behind a veil,—
In which they wriggle in and out,
Denying the right to think or doubt;
That their framed mission is divine,
Assurance false, that you will shine
In a city that's paved with gold,
A fabrication—lie that's old.
Enlist your reason, you'll not sin,
Each has a monitor within.

Remember well that all may err,
Philanthropist, philosopher;
Each of which confess their faults,
While hypocrites turn summersaults,
Never acting on the level,
Saddling crimes upon the Devil,
While claiming that Omnipotence
Will forgive their each offense.
Tho their crimes be black as crow,

God will make them white as snow,
With the blood of murd'rd lamb,
Childish prattle, not worth a damn.
Force such doctrine in youthful mind,
Acceptance makes the subject blind.
A life is but a book of deeds,
You reap as you have sown, the seeds;
It's like a never-ending chain,
You break a link, a weld's a stain.
Erasures show, the sheet is thin,
It's snowy white when you begin.
Its purpose base, it's veil'd in night,
Imag'nary foes you're taught to fight;
Like all reflections of their kind,
They're only shadows of the mind
Superinduced, by crafty curs,
Who ride rough-shod with boots and spurs.
Claiming Divine inspiration,
An excuse for castigation.
"Whom God loveth he chasteneth." ²²⁶
Consolation in infant's death.
"Death always loves a shining mark."
At funerals hear the preachers bark.
As a believer you'll be flogged,
Recalcitrant you will be dogg'd.

Tho quite as old as history,
To this principle all must agree,
"Unto all other you must do,
As you would have them do to you."
This doctrine antedates each creed,
True philosophy sow'd that seed.
The "Golden Rule" no time had sway,
With Mose, Abe, Ike, Dave, Joshua.

²²⁶ Prov. xiii: 24.

An eye for an eye,²²⁷ tooth for a tooth,"
Was by them taught as divine truth.
You'd lose your tooth, perchance your eye,
By God's instructions from on high.
To any member giving offense,
To Lord God's Omnipotence,
'Twas amputated, thrown away,
Restored in Heaven if you'd pray.
Preachers prostitute their brain,
For emoluments they gain.
By habit fixed on a base lie,
Of truth the ministers are shy.
Good and evil are conditions,
Matters not 'bout fool traditions.
To claim a deity Supreme,
Ridiculous in the extreme.
Man-made Gods have limitations,
Likewise all of earth's creations.
Creation's but a change of matter,
Solids, liquids, gases, scatter:
Ever changing, never dying,
Except in form—Gods defying
All Gods, man-made, not worth heeding,
Causing heart aches, endless bleeding.
Oppress'd mankind has been their slaves,
Gods are built by fools and knaves.
Bible built upon a grapple,
'Twixt two phantoms o'er an apple.
If this sounds foolish don't blame me,
I did not plant that apple tree.
'Tis prun'd and trim'd to suit the ages,
Believed by fools, denied by sages.

²²⁷ Ex. xxi: 24.

When were those cherubs withdrawn,
Who guarded gate at early dawn?
Has "Tree of Life" gone to decay,
Or has a worm gnawed it away?
May be God used pruning knife,
To keep mankind from future life.
"Peace on earth good will to men,"²²⁸
It is not now, nor e'er has been.
Since Christ two thousand years has pass'd,
The greatest world war was the last.
The Christians lin'd up on either side,
And in the murd'rous trenches died.
The truest young men on the earth,
Were dragg'd from happy home and hearth.
Ne'er allowed to think or reason,
For objections, charg'd with treason.
Unless with tyrants you'd agree,
Your every act was felony.
When war was over, battles won,
'Twas coward's flesh pots, privates bone.
Always God's on side of winner,
Vanquish'd, only is the sinner.
The leaders in this last affray,
To God on high would shout and pray.
They twisted Christ's name in and out,
Profiteers both lean and stout.
While peace makers, unorthodox,
Were brot before the Juror's box.
And dare they say that "War was hell."
They went to death or prison cell.
"There shall be wars and rumors of
wars." ²²⁹
In books by Saints each page it mars.

²²⁸ Luke xi: 14.

²²⁹ Matt., Mark, Luke.

"What things soever you desire,"
Pray believing you will acquire.²⁸⁰
Prayers for peace in that event,
Should all future wars prevent.
No excuse for murderers' lies.
Banquo's ghost 'gainst them will rise.

Read what was said to-day and then,
Consult the books of greatest men,
In every age and every clime,
The sinners so-call'd were sublime.
Discordant seed in minds are sown,
Dogma's respected, 'till outgrown.
Sure as any creed's inspected,
Knowledge, acquir'd 'tis rejected.
Creeds are written for the masses,
They vanish like all earthly gases.
As long as men in them believe,
Their makers will mankind deceive.
The misanthrope to justice brought,
Creeds are crumbling under thought.
Love and deceit ne'er go together,
In stormy times nor clearest weather.
Get glimpse of his'try of the past;
It's plain that creedist can not last.
They get the meat, you get the broth,
You dress in rags, they silken cloth.
Depends upon class consciousness,
'Tis arbiter of righteousness.
Evolution will place the blame,
In 'pulpit or on bench the same;
Tho it is hid in flowing gowns,
Or dignified with jewelled crowns.

²⁸⁰ Mark xi: 24.

Astrology is of the past,
Astronomy is holding fast;
The former made a deity,
The latter a philosophy.
With pulpiteers the stars got mix'd,
The Devil said the stars were fix'd.
He made his demonstration clear,
Prov'd each revolv'd within its sphere.
Yet those who dared accept his truth,
Lost life and property forsooth.
The Devil offer'd his objection,
When God declared man was perfection.
Thru Devil's glasses, God review'd,
Saw imperfections in the nude:
For proving truth of what he claim'd,
His handiwork is still defamed.
The Devil sitting in the shade,
Saw God damn the man he made.
Altho he damn'd the Devil "Fust,"
And made him crawl and eat the dust.
God made Satan and made the man,
And saved the seed not worth a damn.
Altho the seed was quite prolific,
'Gainst worldly sin 'twas not specific.
From Noah God rais'd a second crop,
From which the Devil knock'd the prop.
Then Jehovah was sore perplex'd,
To save their souls, was question next.
Took thousands years for breathing spell,
Meantime let souls all go to hell.

Then came to God another thot,
To propagate with seed of Lot;
Then Lot went up, got on a spree,
He was so drunk he could not see;

And what he did we dare not print.
It proved his heart was hard as flint,
Had not Lot's wife been chang'd to salt,
His memory she'd ne'er exalt.
Seeing Lot's weakness in the flesh,
She would be tangled in a mesh.
In making up your family tree,
Forget not those who took a spree.
In choice of sots and noted rakes,
All must admit God made mistakes.
Following God's short breathing spell,
Emigration slack'd for hell.
You'll see the gist of God's desire,
When he decided Christ to sire.
To redeem the generation,
Which for him had veneration,
The "Holy Ghost" then descended,
To the couch of Mary wended,
Over her like phantom lover;
Did his Holy Sanction hover.
Resulting from this coalition,
Was a son with Godly mission.
For the redemption of the world,
The "Blood Red Banner" was unfurl'd,
Symbolizing the blood of man,
While fighting Pagans and their clan.
Three hundred years saints disputed,
That Christ was God as reputed.
Force of arms and repetition,
Drove the mass to recognition.

Truth needs no martyrs, some decide,
If on this earth they can abide.
Had Lincoln, or Tom Jefferson,
Exprest their views, they ne'er could won,

Suppress convictions later shown,
Two greatest men in Nation known.
Despite these facts the bigots claim,
That each one did the Christ acclaim.
Each would be damn'd as scum of earth,
Had either failed to prove his worth.
They are pictur'd wreathed in glory,
By the clergy's truthless story.
Without a devil god would die,
He's ever prop to that big lie.
It feeds the pious prostitutes,
Who'd make mankind worse than brutes. .
All this "War 'twixt God and Devil,"
Leads to bloodshed and to revel.
Clashing creeds thru all the ages,
Have e'er been murd'rous to the sages.
Toilers, keep your hard earned dollars,
Feed your children, make them scholars,
Thus liberate the creed made slaves,
And bury saintly frauds in graves.
So deep that their putrification,
Ne'er can hinder man's best action.
Prepare to meet their contention,
With a wise and good intention
Fear not threats of expurgation,
Dare defy their damnation.
Open your mind for all that's true,
Compare the old things with the new:
Ne'er let the prostituted say,
What you'll read or who you'll pay.
According to God's Book's own rule,
That places you beneath a fool:—
"Wayfaring man tho fool shan't err."²³¹

²³¹ Isa. xxxv: 8.

Then why give heed to minister?
It's strange how blind believers are,
That can be caught in clergy's snare.

Many accept but few believe,
It is the game all to deceive.
When will such superstition end,
And let the good with beauty blend?
When will the pulpit have a spew,
And reject the malicious few?
Who banquet on deluded child,
Ignorant innocence beguiled.
Creeds ever mental poisons sow,
For mankind's good let children grow.
Hypocrisy kills by noxious breath,
Like flowers by weeds chok'd to death.
Absurdity in the extreme,
That man can portray one supreme.
Infinity embraces all,
Reverse contention's purest gall.
The superstitions taught to youth,
Conceals from childhood loving truth.
Forever they're by demons chased,
With tender minds by creeds encased.
This world will be in sorry plight,
As long as Gods and Devils fight.
As long as pulpiteers are paid,
Vice drives virtue to the shade.
No true man can in Heaven dwell,
When preaching everlasting hell.
The brotherhood of man is gone,
When tyrant's worship'd on a throne.
If brutal thots child's mind imbue,
To pure ideals it can't be true.
If you accept that Book as true,

No apology is good from you.
For any errors in it taught,
Your explanations go for naught.
All that SUPREMACY deems right,
Needs no excuse from the finite.
Of changes in Book you're not advised,
By bishops it is subsidiz'd,
From the laboratory of a fake,
The dose is made for you to take.
Their explosions ne'er made a spark,
Like silent maxims in the dark.
Injected in your mental cranny,
You are as helpless as a granny.
You get the hypodermic shot,
Priests know the game and well the spot.
Once in your blood you are immune,
You'll pay the price, dance to their tune.
The fakirs who're behind the screen,
Will never tell you what they've seen.

Take bibles of an ancient date,
Compare them with those printed late.
Word by word they italicise,
Of this they never make you wise.
Their plans in secret all are laid,
Of radical changes they're afraid;
In after years when you're not here,
Those italics will disappear.
Leaving no trace of "Same old Book."
Don't take their word, go back and look.
Contents and words have been arranged,
With every issue saints have chang'd.
Thirteen books were claimed inspired,
Which in fifth century were retired.
None of the Bible, so 'tis stated,

For seven hundred years located.
'Tis said 'twas hidden by a monk.
Protestants say that this is bunk.
Could it be a theocrat,
Would leave "God's Book" to nibbling rat;
One destroys it by a quibble,
And the other by a nibble.
Result's the same, to say the least,
That Book can never kill "The Beast."
Six thousand years the fight's been on,
And still "Old Nick's" a paragon.
When at Nicea 'twas overdrawn,
Many parts of books were gone.
Compare the books endorsed by Pope,
And thru the others slowly grope,
See how they differentiate,
On how to fill the world with hate.
Claiming wisdom, perfect love,
Transcendent from a world above;
With microbes whose life's a minute,
Creeds as a rule are not in it.
Could they be of long duration,
Wars would be without cessation.
Subjects encased within a creed,
Ne'er fill a sphere in human need.
They are the relics of the past,
Now disappearing very fast.

The clash of creeds is causing fear,
There's talk of unity now and here.
Embalmed in Sacred secrecy,
Now little talk of heresy.
But like the hibernating snake,
Venemous, when warmed awake..
The cavern the orig'nal home,

Of every spook and every gnome.
Are defamed as Devil's workers,
All who protest 'gainst the shirkers.
On false pretense they always thrive,
Hypocrisy keeps the creeds alive.
Of politicians seeking pull,
The "A-M-E-N" corner's always full.
Claiming to be moral teachers,
They join giblets with the preachers.
When on that Book they rest their paws,
Scraps of paper, are all our laws.
Allegiance sworn to any pacts,
Has little bearing on their acts.
If he is not a puritan,
Bigoted officials damn the man.
To prove this statement not belief,
The "Blue Laws" stand in bold relief.
Now and then the're resurrected,
To catch unwary who're suspected.
Feed on thistles like the asses,
Subornators to the classes;
Acquiring theirs all by trover,
Yours are weeds and theirs clover.
Keep your eyes within their vision,
Rely upon your own decision.
Do not anger when reading this,
And dismiss it with a bigot's hiss.
If you will take the pains to look,
Find ev'ry statement based on book.
To foolish fads that can not last.
Environment may hold you fast.
Before you were prepared to think,
Poison'd ideas you were forc'd to drink.
Administered by stealthy slinks,
Who dodge debates like cunning minks,

Knowing full well, 'twill seal their fate,
Dare they engage in joint debate,
A barricade to hide their flaws,
They skulk behind their unjust laws.
In Sunday schools the little tots,
Incapable of reasoning thots,
Enforced by reverential fear,
Which veils their minds; they can't see clear.
Let no poltroon for you decide,
Again we urge, Let Reason Guide.
Priests' views are based upon the money,
You get the stings, they get the honey.
'Tis when the matter's all summed up,
'Twixt God and Devil, bitter cup.

To swallow all God's Scribes have writ,
According to that book, we'll quit.
If all the books on earth were massed,
In obscenity they're surpass'd.
Leviticus—Ezekiel read:—
Think of sowing such foul seed
In minds of maidens of this age,
It will all decency outrage.
No one would dare to read aloud,
Such foul books to a decent crowd.
To claim a God of purity,
In public or obscurity,
Would guide the hand to write such lines,
Proves the depravity of divines.
The recent war has made the test,
To silence all religious zest,
Concerning love by saints possess'd.
From creeds and dogmas give us rest.
In every pulpit in the land,
The robed impostor took his stand,

To consecrate the flower of youth,
To God his soul, to earth untruth.
Truth is denied by every creed,
That germinates in kingly seed.
In churches hear the welkin ring,
In praises of a "Heavenly king."

Concepts of hell just men will spurn,
That Deities gloat when sinners burn;
Imperils children's love of good,
That culminates in brotherhood.
That war in Heaven, place of bliss,
Engenders thots of serpent's hiss.
Like demons in their dismal dens,
Applauding hypocrites A-M-E-N-S.
All creeds are crumbling one by one,
Work of philanthropists well begun.
The day is dawning bright and clear,
Dispelling thots of hell-fire fear.
Sure, fire in hell is dying out,
Observe the clergy on a scout,
By combinations wreck to save,
That consigns them to a common grave.
To noble deeds when men aspire,
'Twill banish lies about hell-fire.
Care for the weak, protect the old,
'Twill bring rewards not found in gold.
No time is ever spent so well,
As freeing minds from fear of hell.
If we our enemies should love,
The rule should hold as good above;
Examples good will guide the youth,
Let lying parents live the truth.
Should reason e'er approve God's plan,
Of damning his imperfect man,

If war in Heaven e'er occurred,
Eternal bliss would be absurd.
If Devil once admission gained,
Could Omnipotence have reigned?
What reasoning can give excuse,
For turning any demon loose?
Upon a tender helpless child,
When God himself was once beguiled?

No wonder that in youth's suppress'd,
Discarding reason all is guessed.
Creedists claim blind faith's the guide,
No two of them stand side by side.
The bloodiest wars the world has known,
Resulted from the seeds they've sown.
Assassinations they enjoy,
Reason answers, dupes restroy.
All Goddesses are of the past,
To God—distinction men hold fast;
If of female persuasion they,
The stronger can the louder pray (or prey)
The Lords who wear the boots and spurs
Attract the female worshippers.
Count six women to every man,
If rosters of the church you'll scan;
Lords of creation have reposed,
And servitude of her imposed.
Centuries of her tame submission,
Made her victim of contrition.
Enigmatical, hard to guess,
Mother of God but not Goddess.
Christ's pedigree²³² is still in doubt,
Search the scriptures, you'll find out,
Luke and Matthew disagree,

²³² Luke ili: 25-28; Matt. i: 1-17.

'Bout trunk and branch of family tree.
Saint Peter on that must decide,²³³
To pass him in or let him slide,
Down to the place where first he went,
Before he made his grand ascent.
When expiring he woke the dead,²³⁴
Who back on earth began to tread.
'Tis strange that "Christ gave up the Ghost,"
When back to life he brot a host.
Unwillingly he met his death,
Demanding help²³⁵ with his last breath.
"So man lieth down and riseth not."²³⁶
Hence from the grave he ne'er was brot.
"If a man die, shall he live again?"
This query made by perfect man.
Declared by God who rules on high,
Job was perfect, hence could not lie.

To see God's saints so much confused,
Little wonder the Devil's amused.
About that claim of inspiration,
From men lacking truth's foundation.
In "God's Book" fabulous fictions,
Over five thousand contradictions.
It is claimed that truth's eternal,
Hence all lies must be infernal.
Without desire to correct error,
All hypocrites should live in terror.
Just few crimes are here submitted,
Out of thousands here omitted.
Quite enough to shame the Devil,

²³³ Deut. xxiii: 2.

²³⁴ Matt. xxvii: 52, 53.

²³⁵ Matt. xxvii: 46.

²³⁶ Job xiv: 12.

Tho he be "The Prince of Evil."
In comparison of the two,
Who'd be surprised that Satan flew,
From the dominion of a Lord,
Who'd rule a world with fire and sword.
Then by torture unsurpassed,
'Gainst all the imps of hell amassed.
Sum it up, the Devil's won,
O'er God who went and sired a Son.
To banish sin from off the earth,
Making the Devil's business dearth.
The Devil nailed him to a cross,
Now who in fact was the real BOSS?
The Christ is dead and sin's still done,
Regardless of criterion.
Asleep with Noah and the others,
Lot and Christ in death are brothers.
Each was chosen for redeemers,
By a God to head off schemers.

The saints admit the Devil's here,
Hale and hearty and of good cheer;
Grinning o'er the funeral pile,
Of every God now in exile.
Temple's built and pew rent's paid,
By moral cowards yet afraid.
Tho God on earth has not been seen,
Since General Moses drew the screen.
And looked him squarely in the eye,
Above the clouds of Sinai.
Mose made demands, God wrote it down,
By which he'd kill and wear a crown.
Pharo He coaxed in the Red Sea,
He sleeps with Christ of Galilee.
Religion like the poison vine,

Around the sturdy oak may twine,
Its tendrils up to Heaven shoot,
Supported by the oak's deep root,
But when the woodman fells that tree,
A tangled, mangled mass you'll see.
It's noxious odor warns mankind
To touch it not tho they be blind.
Without the oak, down in the mire,
The baneful thing will soon expire.
Love is the source of happiness,
Its attributes are tenderness.
Love ne'er can die while Mothers live,
Their life for each, their all they'll give.
In knowing this the sleuths of woe,
To depths of depravity go;
By instilling in Mother's mind,
That God to lov'd ones ever kind.
The wish is father to the thot,
Her mind is riveted to the spot.
Her imagination then takes wings,
Returning with the glad tidings,
Sees thru the Pearly gates ajar,
Departed loved ones from afar.
Hence ever blessed be his name,
Psychology has won the game.
Greatest minds thru thots of Mother,
Thotlessly let her mind smother
The noblest attributes of mind,
Reason destroyed, they go stone blind.

The creeds are fed with Mothers' tears,
Who weep for joy, to meet their dears.
With telescopic eyes of love,
Delusioned that they see above,
The ones on whom their hearts are set,

With Sacred Love they can't forget.
For such parents all have sorrow,
Knowing well the sad to-morrow,
Of a monster call'd divine,
Is medium thru which rogues combine.
To put her dear boy in the trenches,
And the despots on the benches.
Ruling that it is God's battle,
When they're slaughter'd worse than cattle.
Murdering true men for the dastards,
On false charges of the bastards.
Claiming they to Heaven ascend,
If Hob-gob-lins they'll defend.
The silence of the millions slain,
A sad rebuke to Christian's gain,
No unknown dead by Pagan's claim'd,
For the "World War" they're not blamed.
Forget not when on bended knees,
That Chaplains took the blood-stain'd fees.
Flags of Nations floated high,
Christianity the "Battle Cry,"
'Twas "Me and Gott" and God and Me,
The One that died on Calvary.
Juggling Christ's name to fit the crime,
While thieves were working overtime.

The war objectors everywhere,
Imploring them boys' lives to spare.
For those who plead for boys' protection,
Foul skulking spies sought detection.
And those who dared to plead for life,
Went to prison or got the knife.
By acts of Congress thieves are free,
Who stole while screaming liberty.
Their crimes are duly legalized,

And stolen fruits are subsidized.
How can a lonely Mother pray,
To God that took her boy away?
Change that doctrine and that song,
Pray for peace, Damn war as wrong.
Let chaplains pray o'er soldiers' biers,
Their sermons preach for profiteers.
Reverse your creed and end war fears,
And never more cause Mothers' tears.
'Bout War in Heaven—'Tis a lie,
For earthly wars to justify.
The Hero-worship of men of war,
Should be rebuked both near and far,
The ghou! that struts with blood-stained
hands

Epau!etted for Evil stands.
They're here to-day on dress parade,
In silent graves brave boys were laid.
With fool Hurrahs and drums and fife,
They justify such loss of life,
The profiteers lead the parades,
When blood was shed they sought the shades.
Political buzzards used the flag,
Under its folds they stole the swag.
The luscious fruit was all for them;
The private soldier chews the stem.
The Constitution must prevail,
Despite the criminals, who'd assail
It on pretext of loyalty,
A sham disguise of ROYALTY.
The Ballot is a sacred trust,
Your weapon 'gainst all greed and lust;
With right of suffrage in your hand,
Stand up for peace in every land.
Rear your child with self-respect,

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To stand for morals, not a sect,
Then phantom wars between two spooks,
Will be unworthy of the books.
From originals compounds evolve;
Back to the same, when they dissolve;
Such individuals can't survive,
The throes of Nature's onward drive.
Matters not 'bout our objections,
Dame Nature makes all selections.
From Mother Earth our bodies came,
And every atom she'll reclaim.
Creed's castle's built on vanity,
Vain claim of immortality.
Machinations, clergy's schemes,
Winged phantom's vanish, empty dreams.

THE GODS.

Primeval man at early dawn,
Deficient brain, equipt with brawn,
A scientific thought evolved,
Designers, then a god resolved.

From phenomena were phantoms made;
Sky-Pilots' schemes were early laid;
A quaking earth and lightning flash
Inspired their greed man's toil to cash.

Knowledge blazed out Freedom's Path,
Which kindled all exploiters' wrath;
Philosophers and magicians vied;
The one explained, the other lied.

From clans to creeds fakers combined
To thwart the investigator's mind;
On wise men wizards waged a war;
Ignorance knew not what 'twas for.

A heavenly mansion in the skies
Was promist the deluded as a prize
For obedience to the grafter's creed,
Who reveled in rapacious greed.

'Twas gods of mud and gods of stone,
God in a bush, god on a throne.
Gods in flames and gods in clouds,
Amorous gods in ghostly shrouds.

Man-made gods on earth abound,
Their temple's in a mind unsound;
A scientific search has shown
The shallow soil in which god's grown.

No spirit e'er can be defined,
Each emanates from a distemper'd mind.
Confusion always reigns supreme
In fanatics' heads who ever dream.

God enthron'd, man's reason's gone;
The light of Truth can never dawn;
The dome of thought is wrapt in gloom;
No flower of freedom e'er can bloom.

Each god of childhood does reveal
Its tutor's superstitious zeal,—
Revengeful, passionate or kind,
As fashioned in the master's mind.

A creed-made god's tied to a stake,
Circumscribed for opinion's sake.
The makers all of gods you'll see
Reflected in their deity.

All gods of hate and of love
Dwell here below and not above;
Each molded in the human head;
Beyond that realm they never tread..

Gods slumber when their makers sleep,
Are in their tear-ducts when they weep,
In their arms their foes to slay,
And in their knee joints when they pray.

Gods fight reforms their makers fight;
Ne'er soar beyond their makers' height,
And when their makers quit life's game
Their deities always do the same.

God's but a thought, and not divine,
As you must know if you'd define
His acts, his looks, his attributes;
Old Nature's laws each myth refutes.

"There's but one god," your friend may say,
"To that Dear One we'll humbly pray."
Picture One, if one you've got,
Peace will cease and hells grow hot.

There's but one god that satisfies,
'Tis one that's worshipt in disguise;
He's swallowed whole with optics closed,
His past nor present ne'er disclosed.

No god was ever made complete,
Except by those who sought to cheat,
All thoughtful men of good intent,
Improve their gods with each event.

With radiant hope and pure desire,
Man's ideals ascend ever higher;
God is but an IDEAL magnified,
Exaggerated 'till 'tis deified.

When tears are shed o'er deities dead,
They're not for grief but joy instead.
Both intellect and morals grow,
In bidding all the deities go.

If you will seek the Truth to know
The Criminal Records plainly show;
In point of numbers D. D.'s surpass
All vocations in the felony class.

With gods arrayed on every side
Every war has been justified;
In battles won you're glorified;
But Ah; when lost sin's amplified.

Pray or slay, god's in the game,
It is "Blessed be His Holy Name."
Win or lose you dare not doubt,
For if you do you'll be cast out.

D. D.'s are brave in their coward box;
You dare not give them nox for nox.
They'll hurl anathemas at your head,
If of their gods you have no dread.

A yawning hell, god's best asset;
Without it, heaven you'd sure forget.
Put heaven and hell upon the shelf,
The hypocrite would lose the pelf.

Fear'd phantoms force a foolish fight
For wrongs exploiters picture right.
On superstition tyrants thrive
Which must be banisht if Truth survive.

God factories now are in full blast.
Crucial tests for the iconoclast,
To save the liberty blood has bought
And preserve Truths the sages taught.

On fears and favors gods are built,
Sulphurous one, the other gilt;
Endless torture or love divine,
As twin conceptions intertwine.

Give worshipers a brush and paint,
Empowered to picture gods or saint;
With potent voice each to defend,
You'd have confusion without end.

Upon This Fact wise men agree:—
'Tis mystery,—Life's origin or destiny;
That the riddle's solved by chosen few
Is false pretense in Gentile or Jew.

It is Nature's Law we must acclaim,
No face, no form, no two the same;
In forest leaves and grains of sand,
Endless variety is her demand.

To an idol king some subjects cling:—
A deity enshrined with a halo ring;
Instill this doctrine in minds of men,
Democracy's doomed forever then.

Promist crowns and golden thrones
Have satisfied the mental drones,
Whose servile minds seek no relief
From devotional, fatuous belief.

Seas of blood o'er mountains of dead
The toll of the gods you must have read,
In "Holy Books?" by serfs adored
With upcast eyes and dripping sword.

That "Holy Book" lays on the shelf;
Explained by those who're out for pelf,
Seeking souls to save, so much per
O'er despised remains of philosopher.

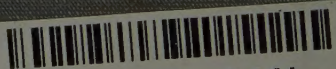
Happy childhood's filled with fear
Of hobgoblins preachers live on here;
Teach youth the Truth to right uphold
In wealth of wisdom, not crowns of gold.

Make up your mind to bid adieu
To creeds and dogmas binding you.
The honest TRUTH fears not the light
That dooms to death the parasite.

Erect you'll stand in manhood free,
Defying delusive idolatry,
No greater fraud on earth can be
Than a Doctor of Divinity.

Dare think; you'll doubt; your idol's gone;
The frauds you've kept will be forlorn
To honest toil when they are driven
On earth mankind may have a heaven.

Read these lines. In them you'll find
Creator—Destroyer—Saviour kind,
A "TRINITY"—product of man's brain,
That joins him in his last refrain.



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